The Bystander, August 20, 1913.—No. 507. Vol. XXXIX.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Bassano*

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CROWDS. By G. S. Lee. (Methuen: 6s.)
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THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU. By Sax Rohmer. (Methuen.)
THE HARDYS OF BARBON. By C. F. Hardy. (Constable: 7s. 6d. net.)
FURZE THE CRUEL. By J. Trevena. (Rivers: 1s. net.)
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Chapters of Accident

Had it not been for the timely escape of Mr. Harry Thaw, and the mysterious death of the Tragic Countess, newspaper readers as a whole might have been compelled to interest themselves exclusively in affairs watery and aerial, but Thaw has escaped, the Mme. Tarnowska is mysteriously dead, so that the catching of the one and the solution of the other will serve to turn our tired eyes once again to earth. Perhaps this is as well for the promoters of the great waterplane contest, who, this time, do not seem to have been in luck's way. Of the four original entrants, the first withdrew, the second was unfortunately killed, the third had engine trouble, and the fourth sustained sunstroke, his substitute being swamped. Sincere condolences to all concerned.

***

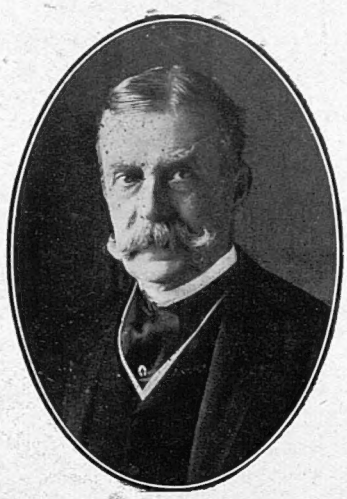
Raising the Wind

A trifle of a hundred thousand or so is, I see, asked now on account of those Olympic Games in Berlin. Once again, England's poor old honour is at stake, and every true patriot must make every effort, etc., etc. I have little doubt the sum will be subscribed. Given anything is asked for loudly enough, and is backed by a sufficiently large list of public-spirited peers (they must be peers), it will surely be raised in this happy land, even though the object be the preservation of the Crystal Palace.

***

Varied Interests

That we should do something or other at Berlin to prove ourselves still a nation of athletes will be the earnest desire of many good people, particularly those who are directly concerned in aiding the process—makers of dumb-bells, javelin factors, disc brokers, weight-founders and patentees of muscle-making foods and tonics. Were the object less smacking of patriotism, there's no knowing but that certain cocoa-manufacturers might not be to the fore in placing their names on the list. For cocoa is so nourishing, so stimulating. I shall wait and see — without excitement.



Photograph *Mills*

THE MARQUIS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Better known as Earl Carrington, Lord Privy Seal, has announced his intention of retiring from active political life. The Marquis is seventy years of age, and considers that the future of the Liberal Party lies in the hands of its younger members—an opinion which the Unionist Party might also take to heart

HARRY K. THAW

Who has escaped in a motor car from the Matteawan Criminal Lunatic Asylum, where he has been confined since his conviction of murdering Stanford White, at his second trial in 1908. His escape illustrates some of the anomalies of United States Law, for while he keeps out of New York State, Thaw cannot be re-arrested

Hothouse Athleticism

Frankly, the Olympic Games do not inspire me with great interest. Like the majority of my fellow countrymen, I do not believe in hothouse athleticism, nor that the honour of England would suffer in the least were she to withdraw altogether from the Olympic Games. Obviously the heart of our sporting youth is not in a contest in which the amateur spirit is so lacking, and in which the subsidised specialist is so certain of victory. Last, and by no means least, so far from doing good to the cause of peace and goodwill, I believe that these wretched affairs breed more bad blood between nations than all the diplomatic incidents.

***

Signs of Moral Courage

By her refusal to take part in the San Francisco Exhibition Britain shows the first sign of that moral courage which is necessary if we are to free ourselves from a multitude of tiresome obligations. As Olympic Games do no good to the cause of goodwill in sport, so exhibitions do little to the cause of international commerce. The country in which the exhibition is held must always make the best show, and her nearest neighbours the next best. Thus at Ghent one is mostly impressed with what a wonderful country is Belgium, next Germany, then France, then England. For all Russia, America, or more distant States can afford to do at such a distance they might as well not compete at all. It is the same with 'Frisco. It is too far away, and we positively do not care what California thinks of articles, made in England, which she is taxed out of all chance of purchasing.

***

Mr. E. T. Reed's Cartoons

Owing to the absence of Mr. E. T. Reed on a well-earned holiday, his cartoon is suspended for the present week. This now universally popular feature of THE BYSTANDER will, however, continue afterwards and henceforth.

Their Majesties' Hostesses

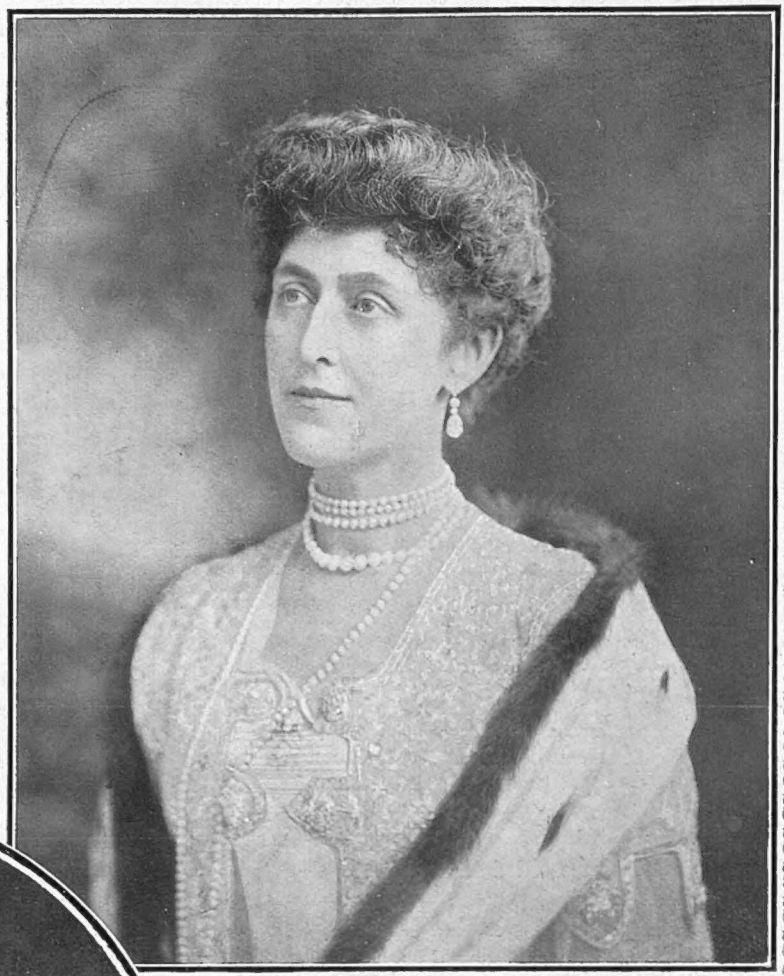
A Royal Rest-Cure

With several sighs of relief, one may imagine, the King and Queen have now retired to Balmoral with their children for a long rest before they are again called upon to perform the more strictly monarchical duties. His Majesty runs down South for Army Manœuvres towards the end of September, but will go back to Balmoral afterwards, and the Court will not be in London again till the second week in October.

* *
*

The Choice

The activities of Royalty are, of course, not necessarily more than irksome at the worst; and so far as physical fatigue goes, the power of unbounded resources and unceasing loyal vigilance is such as to reduce this to a minimum almost incredible to the ordinary person. On the other hand, the weight of the Royal duties and responsibilities is more or less what the monarchs themselves choose or are temperamentally forced to make them, and the King and Queen, as we have learnt to know, take them with a seriousness entirely foreign to King Edward and with a depth and breadth of understanding which was quite beyond the lately somewhat uncanonised "Victoria the Good."



Photograph *Lafayette*

THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON

Who, with her husband, has been entertaining His Majesty at Studley Royal, Ripon, for the grouse shooting

* *
*

Victorian Balmorality

Yet Their Majesties have this in common with Queen Victoria, that Balmoral appeals to them greatly. But in their case it is the fine bracing air that attracts rather than the bleakness which nowadays is counteracted by numerous modern comforts, whereas in that other honoured lady's time bleakness and discomfort were regarded, one gathers, as rather virtues in themselves, and even at Windsor those honoured with a Royal command found their loyalty half frozen by a *régime* of combined no-fires and don't-dare-to-speak-or-think-until-you're-given-the-word. Only a few eccentrics like Carlyle dared to be human, and that kind of person was not at all encouraged.

Photograph *Lafayette, Dublin*

COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM

The King and Queen will probably honour Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam with a visit at Wentworth-Woodhouse, Rotherham, for the Doncaster Race Meeting in September

Despite Pessimistic Prophecies

LORD BOLTON'S PARTY SECURES A GOOD BAG ON APESDALE MOORS

COLLECTING THE BAG

Which eventually proved to be quite a respectable quantity

LORD BOLTON

Riding over the moors to the butts

THE LUNCH PARTY GROUP

(Left to right, standing): Master Nigel Orde-Powlett, Lord Bolton, the Hon. Margaret Amherst of Hackney, Lady de L'Isle and Dudley, Major Peel, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Mr. F. B. Mildmay, M.P., the Hon. Algar Orde-Powlett (son of Lord Bolton), and the Marquis of Exeter. (Left to right, seated): The Marchioness of Exeter, Mrs. Peel, the Countess of Bradford, Mrs. F. B. Mildmay, Miss Elaine Orde-Powlett, and Mr. Percy Orde-Powlett

Photographs

LORD AND LADY EXETER

Waiting in the butts for the birds to present themselves

Sport and General

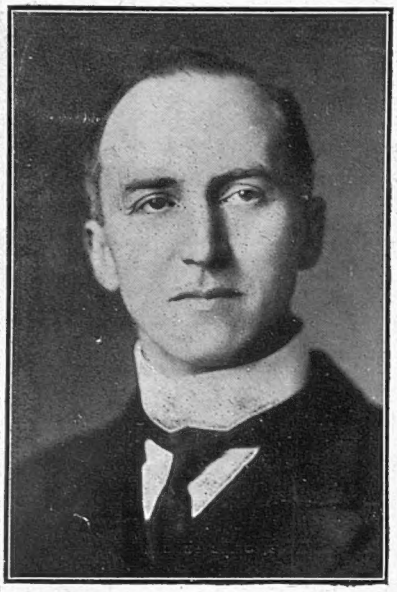
LORD AND LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY

Also, we presume, waiting for the simple-minded grouse

Lord Bolton has been entertaining a large number of guests at Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, for the opening of the grouse shooting season, and, despite the pessimistic predictions that the birds would be scarce, the party succeeded in securing a very good bag

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Six Months Holiday (With Wages)



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S COMING STRUGGLE

Sir John Simon, M.P. for Walthamstow, who is to contest North-West Manchester in the Liberal interest at the next General Election. The last Unionist majority at this constituency (Sir J. Randles) was 1,202

The Latest American Melodrama

The murky atmosphere of American politics, laden as it notoriously is with a thick fog of corruption and perjury, surrounds the latest New York melodrama, the case of Mr. William Sulzer, who is accused by the "bosses" of Tammany Hall of larceny and corruptly using the prerogatives of his office of Governor of New York State. As far as one can gather, Tammany Hall has not kept itself altogether unspotted from the world, and this is probably a case of pot and kettle. We in England have at least the satisfaction of knowing that, despite "Marconi," English politics are not yet, at any rate, such that no decent man can be associated with them.

***

Pigeon-Holed

Parliament has made its more or less glorious exit, and unless anything happens will not meet again until February of next year—six months' holiday. This sort of thing was all very well when Members were unpaid—at least, one could not, I suppose, say very much about it. But now that every M.P. gets £400 a year, which, after all, is a living wage, isn't it rather scandalous that for half a year nothing should be done to advance a heavy programme of legislation, especially when one considers how things were rushed and scamped at the last moment?

***

A Holiday Reform?

Of course, there must be a holiday, and, of course, the work of the House of Commons is not all done in the House. But that outside work is not legislation, and now that Parliament is a salaried business concern it seems to ordinary business minds, and to a good many minds in the House itself, an astonishing thing that there should be a dead blank stop for a period three times as long as that allotted to the highest-placed Civil Servant. And when Civil Servants are away their offices are not closed up till they come back. Why need the whole House go on holiday at once? After all, at any given moment you will not find a half, or even a third, of the members present at debate, however they may be whipped-up.

***

Another Fetish

Ancient custom is really the only reason that can be pleaded. But ancient customs *per se* have ceased to have any merit, and they have gone, or are going, by the board wholesale everywhere else.

THE NEW VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN

Née Lady Gore, whose husband succeeded to the Hambleden title on the death of his mother last week

"A SHALLOW PATE"

—(Vide American paper)

Mr. William Sulzer, Governor of New York State, who is impeached on charges of misappropriation of campaign funds. He is being defended by a number of well-known barristers, and the case, which comes on next month, is likely to prove considerably interesting, not to say diverting

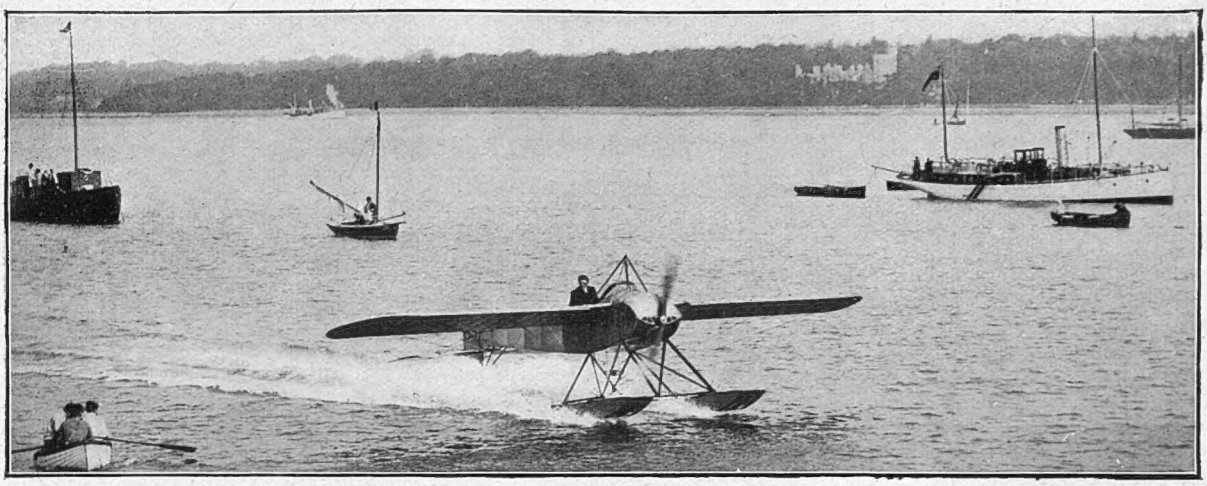
***

Silence, and—

Before Parliament rose Mr. Asquith announced—as a result, undoubtedly, of the Medical Congress just concluded—that an inquiry of the utmost significance would be undertaken by the Government. It is not the province of a weekly illustrated paper to deal with this matter, intensely important though it has been shown to be to every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. But it is worth noting that the daily papers, which have six or seven headings and leaded type ready for acquiring the Crystal Palace or growing sweet peas or running an office aeroplane race with a couple of competitors, tucked this momentous announcement away in an obscure corner with a tiny heading and language so ambiguous and misleading that most people could not guess what on earth they were driving at. But then——

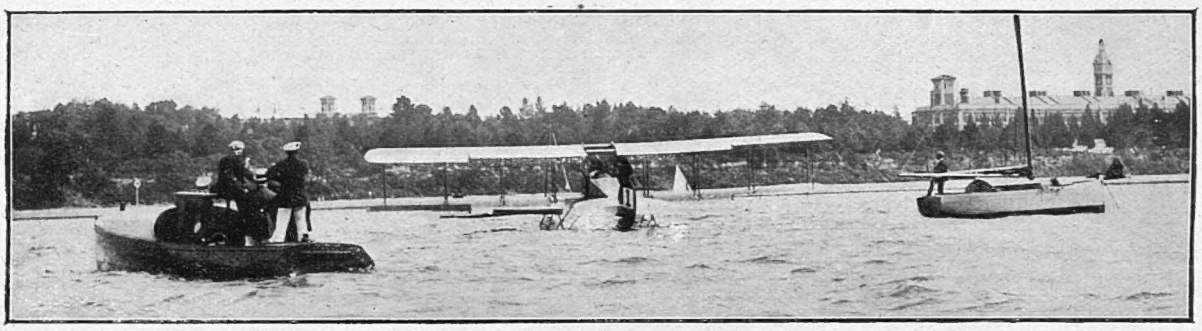
Watery Week-End Events

TAKE PLACE EVERYWHERE IN SPITE OF DRY WEATHER



NOT COMPETING IN THE £5,000 WATERPLANE RACE

Sub-Lieutenant Travers driving a naval hydro-monoplane up Southampton Water on Saturday last. Curious as it may sound, the hydroplane in for the £5,000 race was not the only one in Southampton Water on that auspicious day



THE ONE AND ONLY HYDRO-AEROPLANE

That started from Southampton Water in the "Daily Mail" £5,000 race on Saturday last. This was the Sopwith biplane driven by Mr. H. G. Hawker. It got as far as Yarmouth when Mr. Hawker was taken ill; on Monday morning Mr. Pickles attempted to continue the flight, but the waterplane dropped with him into the sea off Gorleston

SUNBURY REGATTA

A general view of the course during the races of last Saturday

IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER

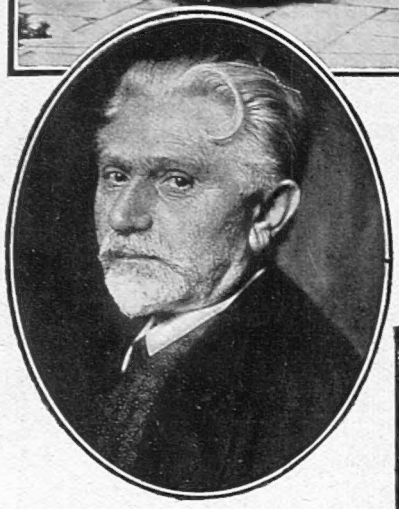
The start of the Motor Yacht Club's race for sailing boats of one design off Southampton on Saturday

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Putting Off the Evil Day

THE DOCTORS AT A HEALTH RESORT

Members of the Medical Congress, together with other guests, were entertained by Capta'n Archibald Weigall, M.P., and Mrs. Weigall, at Petwood, Woodhall Spa. The photograph shows some of the doctors before the residence of their host and hostess



THE KAISER'S "ENFANT TERRIBLE"

The late August Bebel, the great Socialist and German Reichstag Deputy, whose recent death is being mourned by democrats throughout the world

—An Imaginary Conversation

Boss (*to Editorial Department*): "Can we run this as a special feature with our name in every three lines?"

Editorial Department: "No!"

Boss (*to Advertisement Department*): "Any advertisements in this?"

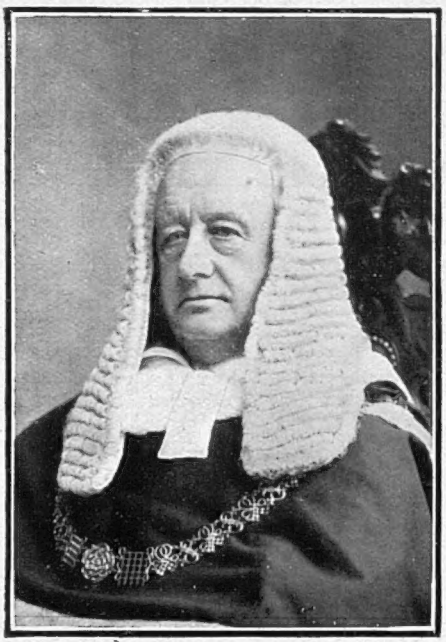
Advertisement Department: "No! On the contrary——"

Boss: "Turn it down."

* * *

The King's Shooting

In the shooting of the grouse-bird, just now so prevalent, His Majesty, as one of the best shots in the kingdom, gives a real lead, and not one merely *d'estime*, as may, perhaps, be the case in some of the other prescribed pastimes of "society." The King, at any rate, has had big bags, whatever may have been the lot, in a bad year, of his less fortunate and skilful *lieges*. As for those of us who do not happen to be on the moors, we have had the birds if we haven't had the killing of them, and got them earlier than the mere shooting-parties, too, if our provision merch——I mean, sporting friends, have shown any enterprise worth speaking of.



Photograph *Whitlock*

NOT YET RESIGNED

According to Mr. Asquith, the Lord Chief Justice has not resigned. However, there seems little doubt that Lord Alverstone will do so before many weeks are past. But the Premier presumably wants to put off the evil day when he will have to appoint a successor until "Marconi" has died down a little more

* * *

Is It Possible?

Those few millions of us, who, for whatever reason, are in Town, are astonished to find already some re-awakening of activity and brisking-up of the atmosphere which in the early days of August is so pervaded with the "holiday spirit." Can it be that, when the Court has gone north and Society is out of Town and Parliament up, the return, which is now beginning, of a large number of business working people from their holidays nevertheless affects in any way the so-called "emptiness" of London? Incredible!

* * *

Tuning-Up

As a matter of fact, surprising as it may seem, in spite of the absence of "all the world," the fiddles are already tuning-up again. The usual end-of-August crop of new plays is starting, and amusement, as well as work, will, a week or two hence, be once more in good running order.

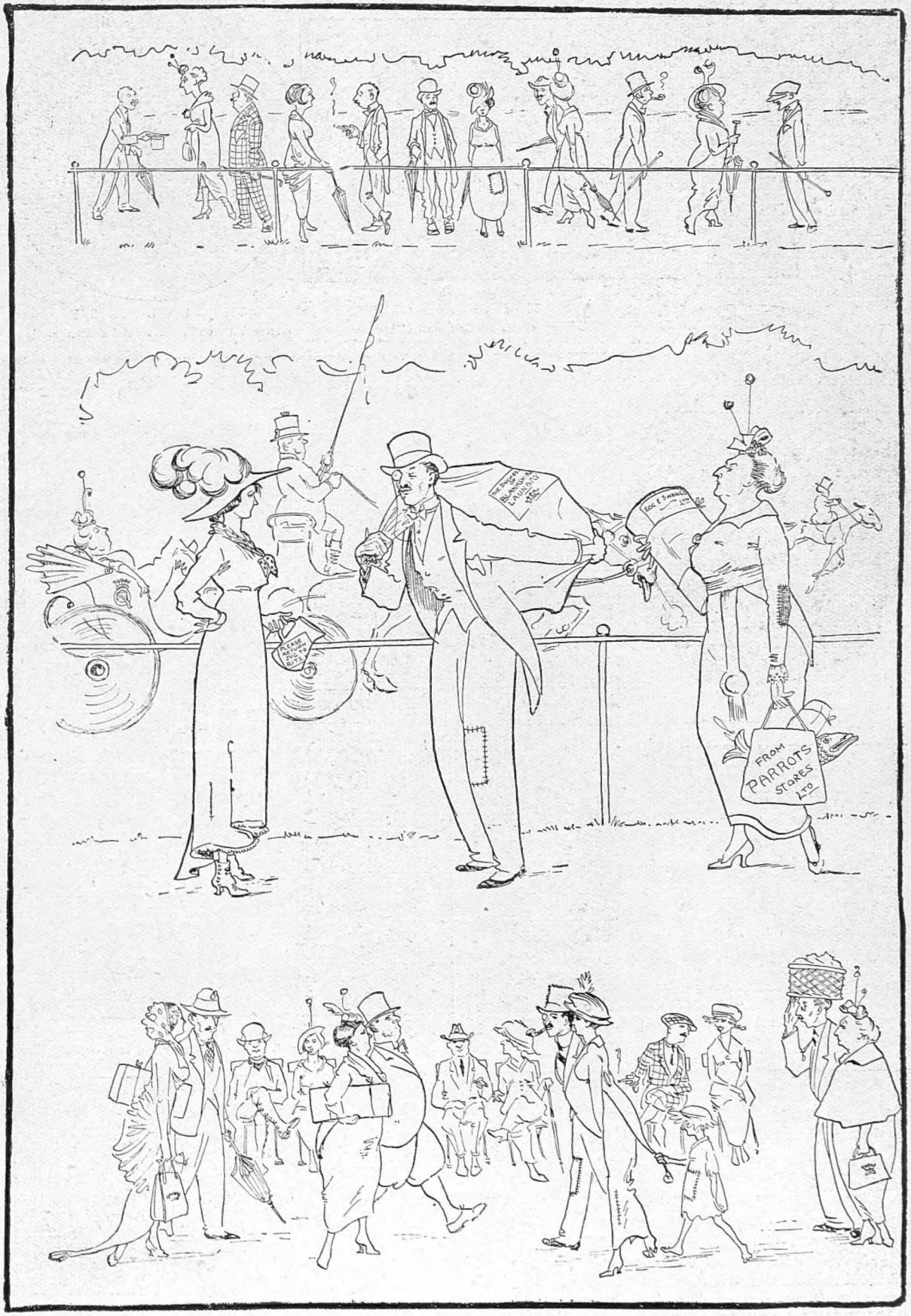
Photograph *Sport and General*

A LUCKY PEER

Lord Derby, who has performed the "hat trick"—and one over—in winning three races at Kempton Park and one at Redcar on Thursday last

A Startling Discovery

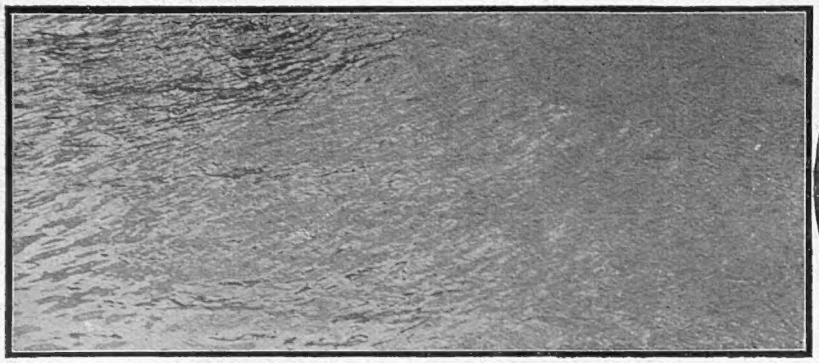
ROTTEN FORM RAMPANT IN ROTTEN ROW



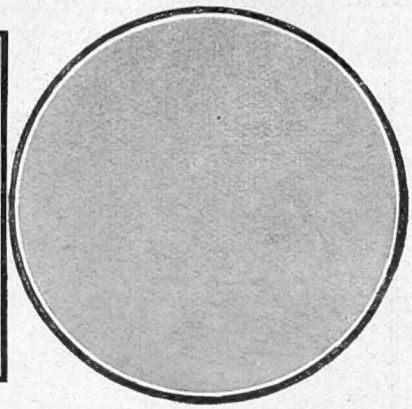
A leading daily paper which prides itself on its powers of accurate observation, recently published an article complaining that we are growing "sloppier and sloppier." Seemingly even the immaculate Row is feeling the effects of this tendency. We hope the above represents the idea in the mind of the author of this extraordinarily new and original discovery

The Great £5,000 Waterplane Race

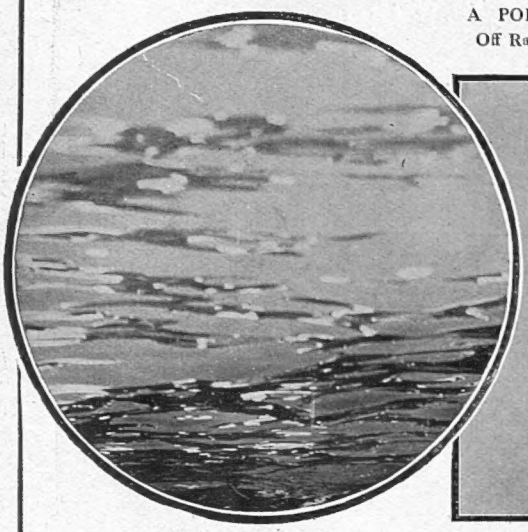
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE COURSE AND COMPETITORS



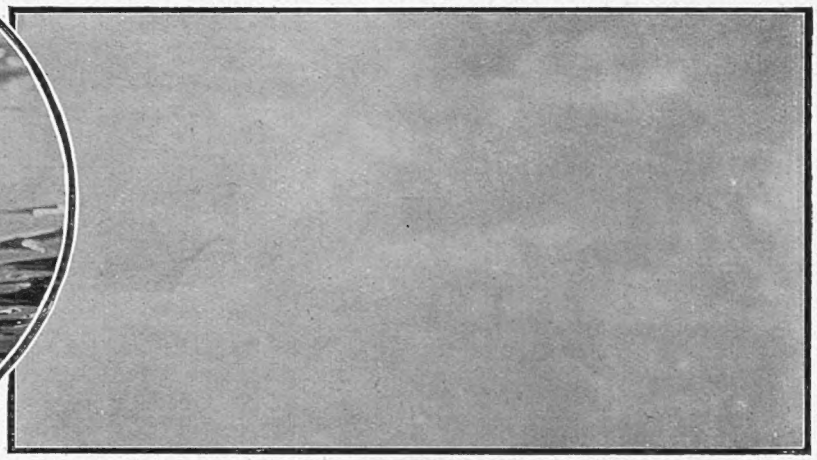
A PORTION OF THE COURSE
Off Ramsgate, the first control station



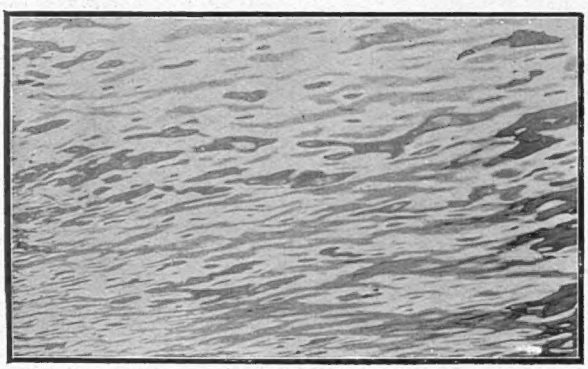
THE CLOUDLESS SKY
Above Yarmouth, the second control station



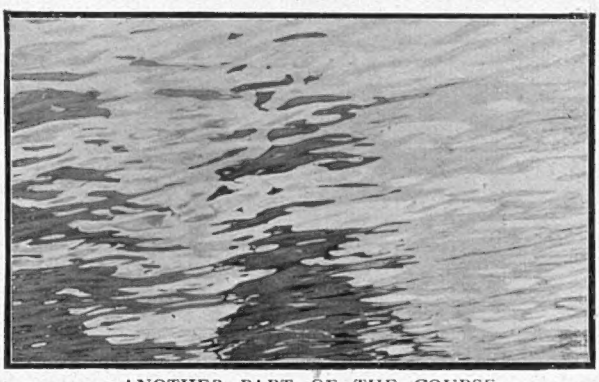
SMOOTH WATER
Outside Scarboro', the third control station



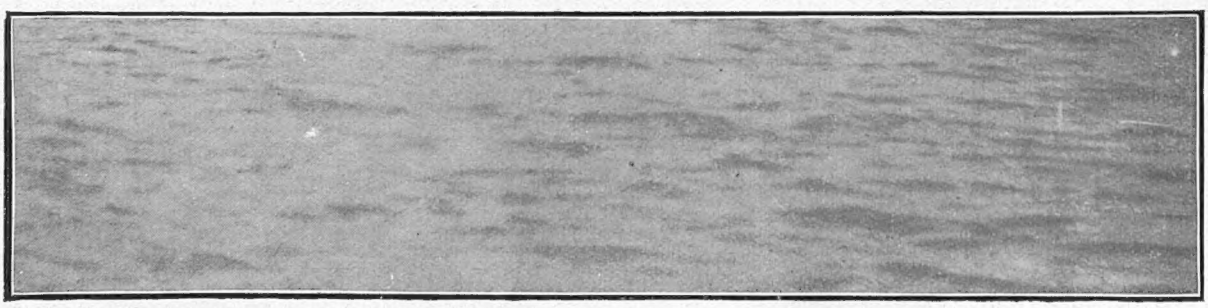
PROSPECTS OF FINE WEATHER
Were reported from Aberdeen, the fourth control station as shown in our photograph



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE ROUTE
Near Cromarty, the fifth control station



ANOTHER PART OF THE COURSE
Just off Dublin, the seventh control station



Special Photographs by *"The Bystander" Photographer*

PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ALL THE COMPETITORS (WITH ONE EXCEPTION) IN THE GREAT WATERPLANE RACE

[*The great demand during the past two or three months by two of our daily contemporaries for portraits of the one competitor omitted from the above group, prevented our obtaining one at the time of going to press.*]

War—And What Then?

GERMAN INVASION AS A POSSIBLE BRITISH INTEREST

By "DOWNWRITER"

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*This correspondent must be clearly understood to be expressing his own opinions and not those of* THE BYSTANDER.]

IT is now some years since Mr. Norman Angell convinced Europe that its belief in war as the weapon of national profit was a "great illusion." War, we were told, does not pay, and Europe being more or less controlled by its moneybags, the military spirit was likely very soon to pass out of the European body politic. We have just witnessed the conclusion of a war which proves Mr. Angell's contention to be truer than he ever dreamed. Not only has the Balkan war been financially ruinous, it has been morally valueless. The fighting men won battles and received the patronising praise of the world's Press. When, however, the time came to desert the red field of war for the green baize of diplomacy, the victorious ones found that that for which they had fought the enemy must now be fought for between themselves. Another war follows, in which one group of "Allies" proves stronger than another. Again, the victors find themselves victims. Before they may sit still in the enjoyment of what they have twice won they have to come up for judgment before the Concert of Europe. War, instead of bringing finality, leads, first to other wars, then to the prospect of eternal haggling, to be followed, probably, by yet further and bigger wars.

***

And to what end, when all is said and done? The net outcome of the wars which one after the other have desolated Europe during the last three centuries has been what we call the Balance of Power—according to Mr. Norman Angell a balance in which the weights are moneybags. All this shedding of good blood, this waste of treasure, simply to deliver ourselves into the hands of Moses and Isaacs! And in order to keep ourselves in our own place in the "balance" we have to squander on ships of the sea and the air, and on such soldiers as we can scrape together on land, a sum sufficient to abolish poverty from our midst and to lay the foundations of Utopia. All our savings going not in war itself—which is, after all, stimulant of fine human qualities—but in a paralysing peace, not the Peace of God, but the Peace of Gold.

***

The patriot may defend the present state of affairs by saying that if we are to remain a Power we must pay for the privilege: that with a nation as with a man it is better to be great at a great price than a guttersnipe gratis. Were we, England, for instance, to throw up the sponge, scrap our ships, disband our regiments, what would be our piteous state! Immediately, of course, we should be overrun by foreign armies, our Empire would vanish, and, of course, our prestige!

***

Far be it from me to say that England should throw up the sponge; but as a silly season speculation, the question "What Would Happen If We Did?" is at least as interesting as—say—that of the Athletic Girl. Why is it assumed that a nation without armaments would necessarily be invaded at all? Invasions, nowadays, are not undertaken for purposes of loot. Kaisers are not slavemasters or spoliators: they do not sack and burn villages and massacre natives. The worst that can happen to the *people* of a conquered country is to fall under a foreign Government. Instead of being "subjects" of H.M. George V., of the German families Guelph-Wettin, we should be subjects of his first cousin, H.M. Wilhelm II. of the German family Hohenzollern—that is assuming that the Kaiser deposed our dynasty at all, which is unlikely, and against the custom of a Federal Monarchy such as Germany.

***

We might have German soldiers in our garrisons, and they might—or might not—prove gruff, rather gross fellows to have about the place. But the general population would see precious little of them. Débutantes might have to bow to H.M. the Kaiserin, and THE BYSTANDER, instead of having to publish snapshots of young Guelph-Wettin princes and princesses on the prance, might have to substitute Hohenzollerns. As to our "institutions," the custom of modern conquerors—even Turks or Balkans—is to leave local matters alone. I expect Germany, with a grin, would leave us our Parliament (*and* Messrs. George, Isaacs and Brothers), the Party Caucuses, and all the paraphernalia of "democratic" government. It would leave us the L.C.C. (*and* the rates), our churches (*and* their emptiness), our schools, libraries (*and* the Censorship), theatres, museums, art galleries, cinemas, cricket, football and tennis grounds. To occupy a country does not mean to unoccupy its forty odd millions of inhabitants. How much difference to the private life of an average unmassacred Macedonian has, I wonder, been caused by the proceedings of his "liberation," first from his oppressor and then from one of his liberators by the other? How much less thoroughly does the gentle Albanian steal for his living and slay for his amusement be his government Turkish, Servian, Montenegrin, or "European"? Would a Salonica Jew haggle any the less over the price of a shawl were he suddenly to cease being a subject of Constantine to become one of Ferdinand, Peter, or Francis Joseph?

***

Now that conquest no longer means slavery, or even loss of liberty, why do we so frighten ourselves at its possibility? The only awful possible interference by a German Dictator with our "internal" affairs might be a wholesale reform of our restaurant and hotel managements, and licensing laws, so that in England, as in Germany one could get food to eat at all times in country inns, and even at railway stations, also on Sundays; also, if really hungry or thirsty, after midnight on all days. The tyrants might even insist on the establishment of the Café Concert (outdoor in summer), the Biergarten, the

Strand-bad, and other exotic amenities, as a result of which we English might grow positively gay, and find life worth living.

* * *

A German Government might, for aught I know, make it a punishable offence for English day-trippers to strew newspapers, tins, pots, pans, bottles, and banana skins over the woods, hills, commons, and foreshores of our still beautiful country. They might institute a Press Censorship compelling certain newspapers to publish the news of the day rather than puffs of their own aeroplane contests, the chief popular attraction of which is the offchance of calamity. But such things as these would be done more out of regard for the prejudices of German than native residents, in order to make the country fit for the invader to "occupy."

* * *

In anticipating this delightful—I mean distressing—prospect I have travelled away from my point, that is, whether a British abandonment of armaments would lead to the joy—I mean the shame—of foreign conquest at all? Would it not mean merely this, that the withdrawal of ourselves from the Balance of Power would mean that Europe would be far too busy propping up the toppling chimney to be bothered about the boy who pulled out the brick? I fear—I mean I expect—we should be left severely alone, the feeling against us being not contempt for our cowardice in dropping out of the armament race, but envy for our horse-sense.

* * *

Ah, but there is the Empire! Directly England falls out of the European system, of course the Dominions and India slip out of the Empire. Now, as the dear Dominions have made it clear as their own skies that they will not contribute a cent to the Dreadnought craze, of which, in the pride of their detachment, they sternly disapprove, surely they would not sever the great moral bonds which alone bind them to the Mother Country solely because Mother followed her daughters' own excellent example and isolated herself from contaminating military influences? I think better of the Dominions than that. On the contrary, I expect they would, on hearing we were out of the *mêlée*, wax even warmer in a loyalty that would then become so much less expensive.

* * *

As to India . . . but I had better leave that subject. I could never dare face the club colonel if I wrote what I think about that question. DOWNWRITER

P.S.—If the readers of THE BYSTANDER really want a silly season problem all to themselves, how will this do: Why, if to live under an alien government is a peril to be avoided at all costs, do thousands of Britons spare no expense to put themselves under alien Governments at every holiday season? Send answers to the Editor.

JUST BEFORE THE DROP!

Princess Mary and Prince Albert last week paid a visit to the Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court, and went for a trip on the Alpine Railway. It should be noted that the photograph was taken at the moment when their vehicle was running quite gently over the top of one of the "steep places," which probably accounts for their Royal Highnesses' amiable expressions

Significant Activities

IN PREPARATION FOR THE RUSSIAN AUTUMN MANŒUVRES

TSAR NICHOLAS IN CRONSTADT

The Tsar last week paid a visit to the great Russian fortifications at Cronstadt. He is here seen out driving with his daughter during his visit, which, presumably, was chiefly one of inspection

Photographs] THE FRENCH MILITARY DEPUTATION AT ST. PETERSBURG *[Bulla*

President Poincaré has sent a military deputation to St. Petersburg under General Joffre (who is seen standing in the centre of the picture). The deputation have been invited to be present at the forthcoming military manœuvres as guests of the Tsar. It is a significant fact that whereas relations between Germany and Austria are somewhat strained, those between France and Russia are more cordial than ever in spite of a slight disagreement on the question of intervention in the Balkans

WHO, WHAT, AND WHERE?

A FEW POLITE NOTES ABOUT PERSONALITIES

Mr. Asquith's Secret

BY the time this appears Mr. Asquith will, presumably, be comparatively safe in his Scottish fastness (no *double entente* meant) for the holiday, which in his case really is "well-earned." The details of his departure were kept very secret for fear of the ever-present Suffragette—though not quite so successfully as in the case of the Downing Street garden-party, knowledge of which was kept from the general public until the very morning of the day. That was a bit of official "hushing-up" on which the Prime Minister may fairly be congratulated—as well as the lady who is ten times as bitter as he on the subject of the ladies who turn up without invitations.

***

Auction?

All the current chat about retirements and peerages and all the rest of it, by the way, is singularly beside the mark at present. Never was Mr. Asquith fitter or in better form than just now; never was his handling of his troublesome team and of the awkward messes they get him into more masterly or less of a trouble to him. He loses very little sleep for political worries—whatever he may do for auction.

Photograph *Swaine*
THE RT. HON. LORD CREWE
Secretary of State for India, who has just made a rule forbidding British officials in the Indian Empire to accept wedding presents from natives

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Tunnelling

People are talking more than ever about the possibility of getting "Winston" over on to the Unionist side again. If there were any *modus operandi*, I think the younger and live spirits of the party would do everything to secure one of the ablest men of the day, however personally unpopular he might be. But there are certain dull and highly respectable obstacles in the way, which would only yield to enormous pressure. That pressure cannot be exerted through the ordinary channels, and the probability is that the new leader—when and if he arrives—will only be seen at the last moment marching in by a novel and quite unexpected route.

***

That Fellow George

The First Lord certainly assimilates more and more of the "stake-in-the-country" air and less and less of the petrel every day. His latest move to Admiralty House as a residence is admirably calculated to strengthen the impression of solidity. Admiralty War Staff accommodated on the first floor—£500 a year saved to the ratepayers—it is all as businesslike and unofficial and unlike Lloyd Georgianism as anything well could be. The renewal, on a very different plane, of friendly relations with the quondam pal is all on the same lines. One must, of course, be friendly with these fellows—one's colleagues, after all, don't you know!

***

Positively Royal

And now we know all about the washing, too—another (accidentally) instructive sidelight. Five petticoats, wasn't it? Positively Royal in its Conservative respectability.

***

"Timeo Danaos"

To forbid British officials in India receiving wedding presents from native gentlemen is, no doubt, a perfectly sound move on Lord Crewe's part. The surprising thing is that the Government should ever have countenanced the practice. It is this weak policy of chopping and changing that makes the present "ukase" rather galling to both sides, and unnecessarily, offensively, and misleadingly underlines the meaning that will be read into it—*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

***

Blackballed

The emphatic blackballing of a prominent person at the election of members to the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes came as rather

Photograph] THE "MERRY MEN" AT WELBECK ABBEY *[Kirk*

The Officers of the Robin Hood's 7th Battalion Sherwood Foresters, who have been camping in the neighbourhood, were entertained recently by the Duke and Duchess of Portland. In the above photograph Their Graces, with Lady Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck, are seen in the centre of the group of soldiers and other members of the house-party

The Glorious "Twelfth"

Photograph LORD AND LADY FURNESS'S HOUSE PARTY [*Sport and General*

At Grantley Hall for the opening of the grouse season at Lord Furness's shoot on Eavestone Moors, near Ripon. Among those who may be recognised in the group are Major and Mrs. Miles Stapylton, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, Mr. Mason, Mr. E. B. Horlick, the Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, M.P., Mr. J. E. Rogerson, M.F.H., and the host and hostess

a surprise. But, after all, it's a very exclusive club—even more so, in fact, than the Reform.

***

Misconceptions

One or two very laughable, but at the same time very awkward, misunderstandings have arisen lately in Society in regard to the succession to titles of more or less importance, as well as about "interesting events" in general. After all, I suppose, women have only themselves to blame if they will insist on following so closely and slavishly the present very frequently misleading fashions in draperies.

***

A Domestic Vice-Royalty

Everyone is extremely sorry that the Duchess of Connaught should have been laid up at Cowes, but I understand that no ill-effects are expected to follow. Prince Arthur, by the way, is certain to get a Vice-Royalty when or just before he is married, and though the precise sphere is not announced yet, one may be pretty certain the predominant partner will ensure that it won't be a very distant one. His present title may, perhaps, be found to give a clue to his eventual destination.

***

Unpicturesque

The Aberdeen *régime* in Ireland has been rather like the post-Balfour rule in English Unionism—respectable but ineffective. At least, if certain expected changes come about, the social side of the Vice-Royalty, which is, after all, one of the most important, stands a chance of being developed. Purely utilitarian enthusiasms, splendid as they may be in themselves, are as out of place in Ireland as they would be in India. And in Ireland, too, as in India, presence and personality count for a vast deal.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS JULIA JAMES

Who is to appear at the Vaudeville Theatre shortly in the dramatised version of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Miss James will play the part of Sybil Vane

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

Recently unsuccessful plaintiff in the famous libel action in connection with Mr. Arthur Ransome's book on Oscar Wilde. Lord Alfred has written a life of Wilde, which will be published shortly

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Among the Birdsteins

The (unofficial) casualty lists on the moors have opened early, and the host is kicking himself for having let his eagerness to get on to "a good thing in the City" preclude any delicate questioning about his guest's skill in marksmanship. Fortunately the other guest is of the same nationality, and the fact that he was shot in the nose has not in any way affected his enunciation.

***

Tact

The cheerful Hohenzollerns who are taking a British holiday out of reach of the paternal telegram—they've been christened the "bounding brothers," I'm sure I don't know why—have been having a high old time in various parts of the kingdom which is always very indulgent to the foibles of Royalty. In Edinburgh they actually happened to be staying at hotels only a few doors apart, but—I quote from an ingenuous contemporary—"so strict was their *incognito* that neither was aware of the presence of the other." And yet some people would represent that nation as so essentially tactless.

The Making of Spiritual Capital

Musical Comedy Engagements

The American actress who has just come home (*i.e.*, to U.S.A.), swearing that she's engaged to an English duke—evidence, a pearl necklace and a pet dog—has caused much searching of hearts and Peerages among more or less directly interested ladies on this side of the water. Considerable doubt has even been thrown upon her statement, but no one has any real right to deny that it may be strictly and professionally correct.

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Very Sultry

What was it in the Marquis's letter that was so warm that it could not be read out at the official gathering?

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Artistic Smacking

Many of us might consider it quite an honour to be smacked by the famous dancer, especially if they could imagine that an *amantium iræ* significance attached to the smack. But no, the smacked one would have none of it, and, apparently, "retired hurt." If the whole thing was another advertisement, I'm afraid it missed fire—the public are so palpably bored by what seem to them, at the best, childish exhibitions of the "artistic" temperament instead of the show they (base commercial persons!) have paid to see.

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Pointing a Moral

In these modern days it is comparatively rare to find such a staunch thinker on almost forgotten lines as the Vicar of Cheshunt. A serious motor-omnibus accident by which four men were killed having happened in his parish, he informed those present at the funeral that God had spoken to them in the sad disaster: that there was excessive swearing, blasphemy, drinking, and other vices in the parish. "God is speaking to us"—this rather amazing vicar is reported as saying—"bidding us turn from our evil ways. That is the meaning of this, and it has all been done in love."

* *
*

The Vicar's Handicap

This way of making "spiritual" capital out of a terrible mishap must have caused some surprise, not to mention other emotions, among the relatives and friends of the victims—and, indeed, all those alleged to be concerned. The idea of the Almighty upsetting a motor-'bus in order to reprove the vicar's parishioners will, however, I'm afraid, rather fail of its due effect if blasphemy is already so prevalent.

MISS MARY FORESTER

Daughter of Captain Forester, Master of the Quorn, who is engaged to Mr. Arthur Fitzgerald, second son of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald

PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA

Eldest son of King Ferdinand, and heir to the Throne, who, it is reported, has suddenly been taken ill with a nervous attack, and is to be sent to the Carpathians. We wonder what has really happened

* *
*

The Wrong Track

There's a terrific lot of nonsense being talked just now about the "white slave traffic," in connection with the Piccadilly flat case and otherwise. People like the woman Gerald are, of course, undesirables, but half the crimes attributed to them are fictions born of the more or less wilful ignoring of facts by the "unco guid," and fostered, I fear, by the less ignorant sex-hatred which Suffragism has developed into lately. Naturally, the Commons interrogations and insinuations led to nothing. By the way, there were no questions asked about Members of the House of Lords.

* *
*

Revolutionary

From the theatrical point of view the innovation which is to be introduced with the new play at the Comedy next week may prove quite epoch-making. When the doors open, instead of the early comers having to wait half an hour or so in stuffy silence they are to be provided with a light variety entertainment before the piece starts. Whether the process will be repeated in place of the usual dreary waits between the acts is not stated, but I venture to prophesy that once the thin end (I've been trying to dodge it but can't) of the wedge (I've said it now) has got its nose in, the more substantial parts will soon follow.

* *
*

A Houseful of Critics

After all, there is a certain amount of choice as to whether you will give yourself the wait before the piece or not. But at present untold gold can't buy you immunity from the other ones, which with their compound products of comfortless whisky-gulping, immoderate chocolate-chewing, and general boredom, do more harm to the tempers of audiences and the consequent prospects of plays than a manager with an imagination would care to dream about.

"Reflections"

BY W. SAYERS

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AN interesting discussion on "shock" took place during the Medical Congress, and one of the speakers explained that it originally meant concussion. Now, of course, it generally means the emotion caused by a speech from Mr. Lloyd George.

* * *

Lord Crewe has forbidden "the acceptance of wedding presents by British officials in India from Indian gentlemen" on the ground that it will encourage friendlier relations between British officials and Indian gentlemen. No doubt we should all be friendlier with other people if the ever-present fear of having to give them wedding-presents did not lurk in the background.

* * *

"Measure your crabs!" is the advice given by a contemporary to people visiting the seaside during August. A yard and a half of crab is certainly as much as the ordinary tripper should attempt to consume at a sitting.

* * *

Those responsible for showing the wonders of Great Britain to the Kataka of Uganda must be at their wits end to think of novelties. He has already seen and been impressed by so many things, that the only really impressive sights left seem to be:—

1. A bald man undergoing hair-drill.
2. A lawn-mowing guinea-pig.
3. Sir E. Carson struggling into his togs for a surprise visit to Ulster pickets at 4 a.m. in the morning.

* * *

Speaking of Africans—and Ulstermen—how much more picturesque the Africans can be. Compare the Covenanters, for example, with the Society of Human Leopards which the Governor of Sierra Leone is trying to put down. The Leopards seem a lot better at giving thrills.

* * *

Probably their uniform, a baboon-skin, has a good deal to do with it. It would be impossible to fit up all the Covenanters in baboon-skins. But surely their leaders might do a little tattooing of them with the Human Leopards' "iron needle, which is commonly used for branding members of an unlawful society." This might impress Mr. Asquith.

* * *

Chicago's policewomen are to be equipped with a model skirt which, "when the necessity of chasing a wrong-doer arises, becomes—by merely pulling a string—a pair of Zouave's trousers." The police authorities seem to think that really wicked wrong-doers would wait and watch this operation, even at the risk of being captured.

A FOND CRITIC

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM: "Lovely, dear—lovely! But I think those sheep look too much like — er — clouds. That is — er — of course, darling, — unless they are clouds."

By Hutton Mitchell

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

MR. SELFMADE: "We had a hard struggle with the world at times, my friends; but I suppose the world saw at last that it wasn't no use fightin' against Mariur an' me, and just gave it up!"

One hopes this skirt is a reliable one. It would be too trying to the policewoman's dignity if she had to appeal to a burglar's chivalry to help her convert her skirt into Zouave's trousers before she arrested him.

* * *

Fifty dollars is the sum which each guest will have to contribute towards the expenses of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's forthcoming Newport picnic. Yet there are people in this country who grumble if they are asked to pay ninepence for tea with jam and watercress.

* * *

"Ten sculptors have been chosen to execute the statues of the ten greatest Welshmen before the reign of Queen Victoria, which are to be placed in the Cardiff City Hall, and the work is expected to cost £10,000." This introduction into Art of the decimal system seems a capital idea. . . .

The proposal to turn the Crystal Palace into a folk museum causes the *Chronicle* to remark that "even the most prosaic would be startled into realisation if, in a secluded dell of the grounds of the Crystal Palace, he came suddenly upon the wattle and daub hut of an Ancient Briton—with his coracle for fishing and his round earthenware jars lying beside a placid pool." They would probably be even more startled if they could go for a row in the coracle, after a draught of ginger-ale from one of the jars.

INSULT ON INJURY

"I say, Mary, look at this knife. It's a positive danger to eat with it"

"Lawk's, sir, and there's peas too"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

Among the ten greatest Welshmen we notice such familiar names as Hywel Dda (favourite recreations, cycling and stamp-collecting), Dafydd ap Gwilym (the inventor of simplified spelling), and Williams of Pantyclyn (Indian papers, please copy). Oxford men will be disappointed to learn that Jones with the toothbrush is not included in the list.

The Bystander in Paris

In the Bois de Boulogne

ON THE BREAKING OF HOLIDAY RESOLUTIONS

Paying for Congratulations

It was over the coffee and liqueurs. Somehow or another it very often is, in Paris, possibly because there's much less of the "well, what's yours" between meals development of civilisation there. We had been dining at the little Restaurant Gauthère—this is not the place's real name, because table space there is limited already, and quite as many people as is healthy know it without my help—and I was being congratulated. I was off for a holiday, and had just put up old brandy and old Calvados all round. Paris, in some respects, is quite like London.

To Normandy?

"Of course," said the editor of a Paris daily paper (my co-diners *chez* Gauthère are quite influential folk), "of course you're going to Normandy." "Good guess," said I. "No guess. You didn't suggest Calvados, but Eau de Vie de Cidre—it catches me exactly that way every year, myself. "Observant person," said the playwright, "I'll use that pointer some day."

"Quot Homines, Tot Sententiæ"

And then we all began to talk of holidays and their utility. We quarrelled horribly on points of detail. Some of us enjoyed Deauville and the dress-suit-of-an-evening holiday. Others liked climbing mountains, and confessed that they never felt properly rested till their noses were raw and at least one broken limb attested to the thoroughly restful time they were having. Sea voyages on tramp steamers appealed to yet another and the pastoral joys of a farm to another. There were as many different tastes in holidays as there were men dining *chez* Gauthère, but there was one thing on which there was but one unanimous opinion. Everybody agreed with enthusiasm that holiday time was the only time for doing any really decent work.

Sarcasm

"There are such a heap of disturbing elements in Paris, somehow," we agreed. "Fellows come in, the confounded telephone bell rings all day long, and there are people to see, and what not." And as we shook hands and parted, we separated with the promise to show each other the good work we'd done when we came back again. "Going to be an awful job for somebody to look through it all," said the editor with a sarcastic grin. Funny how sarcasm comes natural to an editor. There is a man in Tallis Street——but there! No matter!

Dreaming of Work

I thought of all the work I meant to do during my holidays as the train rolled out of Paris to the west. I even dreamed of it (I am a wonderfully conscientious worker) during the night, and on two or three occasions during the breakfast stop at 5 a.m. at Caen I remember thinking that I would have taken a note of some of the interesting little things I noticed, if I had a pencil on me. (When a journalist invariably has a pencil on him, the man in the cashier's office who keeps the key of the safe will always be in, and the millennium will be here.)

Still Dreaming

Missing the road-train connection at Bayeux, finding a motor-car, breaking down in it, arriving eventually, and bathing in the sea directly I arrived, made work slip my mind for a while on the first day. "But I'm going to do the best work I ever did in my life," I was heard to say on several occasions to the charming people of both sexes who put a little more ice in my glass, and made my cushions comfortable.

Sacrificing Inclinations

"Down here, you see," I said, "there's nothing to disturb you, and——" When you've got guests in the house you must sacrifice your own inclinations to theirs. And my guests wanted to lie quietly under a pine tree in the heat of the early afternoon, and smoke. So I couldn't disturb them, could I? and you know how disturbing it is when you want to be quiet to see a man fussing round busily working. When I woke up again, the other fellows had gone down to the sea. I dare say they thought the note they had pinned to my shirt quite amusing. "Shut your mouth and stop snoring when you've finished working, old chap," said the note, "and you'll find us looking for the big red crabs under Asnelles. It's low tide, and the lowest low tide of the summer."

Further Procrastination

I had to leave my work to one side and go where my guests went, hadn't I? Besides, I will confess that I rather enjoy low-water crab-hunting. The big red-backed fellows hide under the sand, and you guess at them by their shape unless, as sometimes happens, they find you first, when it is more exciting still, and the language used is lurid. On a day like to-day you can pick up a hundred in a couple of hours, and they are ripping eating, too.

"Tomorrow"

But after dinner there would be a quiet hour. I'd slept a little after lunch under the pines (I don't see why I should not confess it, do you?), and shouldn't want to go to bed as early as the others. The house would be quiet then, and——. Well, we had just one more dance at about 1 a.m., and went to bed after a quiet whisky, before two. But I am going to get up really good and early in the morning, and the work I'm going to do then is going to be the best work I have done for ages. The country is the only place to work in, really, what?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"The Old Order Changeth"

THE DILIGENCE MAKES WAY FOR THE CHEMIN DE FER

THE LAST JOURNEY OF A SWISS POSTE-DILIGENCE

The photograph reproduced above strikes a pathetic note inasmuch as it symbolises once more the inevitable triumph of mechanical progress over the more picturesque horse-drawn conveyance. The poste-diligence seen in the picture is shown on its last journey (July 14) between Frutigen and Kandersteg, just prior to being superseded by the new magnificent Loetschberg Electric Railway, completing the railway connection between Spiez and Brigue. It will be noted that the diligence is mourning its own dissolution, the ominous black flag flying from the rear of the carriage, while the Swiss flag appears in front. The photograph gives an admirable idea of the beautiful scenery through which the new railway runs

The Bystander IN BERLIN

COUNT AUGUST'S BETROTHAL

Love

Coburg has few men as brave, as penniless, as Count August von Moebius. Coburg has few maids as fair, as penniless, as Countess Henny von und zu Schornstein. Such pairs live for romance. And breathlessly, by the magic pond in Coburg-Graditz town-woods, they vowed impassioned vows.

Extravagance

Also they gave engagement gifts. Count August clasped round Henny's wrist an emerald bracelet, bought at Herr Court-Jeweller Schief's for marks 5,000. And Henny slipped in her August's (otherwise empty) pocket a Schief's Gold Repeater, priced at M.2,000. (What pains it had cost them both to pay even half on account!) They kissed. And they vowed that if heartless Fate should ever part them, they would return to the scene of their happiness, the magic pond, and throw (like Polycrates) their love-gifts in the calm cerulean wave.

Trouble

Then they told papa. And mama. Trouble brewed. Papa insisted Henny should wed Herr Commercial-Councillor Baron Zukunft, who loved her (said mama, spitefully) like a man; and owned Schloss Ober-Kupferstein and a rolltop-desk factory. And August's parents thundered, "You'll wed Fräulein Streichholz! It's not true she squints; and if she does squint, with money like her's to burn, she can buy an eye-patch . . .!"

Renunciation

There were tears and sighs. Still, filial piety . . . And on a twilit even (after secret, inexplicable trips to neighbouring jewellers) Henny and August met by the magic waters for the last sad time. They wept . . . With a groan of suffering, Henny drew from her ivory wrist the emerald bracelet and cast it tragically in the chilly wave. With a gesture of doom, her August raised the gold Repeater, and cast it tragically in the chilly wave. They kissed . . .

Threats

On August 13 Count August got a bill for "Balance, M.2500," from Herr Court-Jeweller Schief. He whistled. He had long forgotten Henny; and, as a fact, was due in Berlin at the flat of Fräulein Cabaret-Singer Flippe. On the same black morning Henny got a note from Herr Court-Jeweller Schief asking for balance M.1,000 on a watch. Henny whistled. She had nearly forgotten Count August von Moebius; and much preferred Baron Zukunft's moustache.

"IT NEVER SAILS UPON THE SEA"

The Kaiser inspecting a training-ship on land at Swinemunde, constructed for the use of Germany's Sea Scouts. If we had sufficiently bad taste, of course, we could make some quite nasty sarcastic remarks on the subject, but for the sake of the Peace of Europe, we refrain. The wooden-looking object in the right-hand corner of the picture is part of the ship

Recovery

That night a stealthy person entered Coburg-Graditz wood, and approached the magic pond. He stripped, shivered, waded, groped, withdrew a little, muttered—and emerged with something shiny. That night—or, rather, getting on towards morning—a stealthy female approached the magic pond, stripped waded, groped, and with the cry "Eureka!" issued, holding something round.

Disillusion

At ten next morning August appeared at the Goltzplatz shop of Herr Court-Jeweller Schief. He held out a small paper parcel. "Herr Schief, you will excuse. . . . I suppose it's the same thing. . . . would you mind taking the bracelet . . . it doesn't suit . . . for instance you could pay back the M.2500 . . . say, less 10 per cent. . . .' Herr Court-Jeweller Schief took the bracelet, stared, gasped, and shouted to his assistant "Ring up Police-Revier Eight." "So you stole my emeralds," he said with vicious deliberateness. "And you put in paste. And you want your money back!"

More Disillusion

Before dumbfounded August had time to rebut this wholly baseless charge the door opened again; and into the shop marched adorable Henny. She held out a small, round paper-parcel. "It's a little damaged by water, Herr Schief," she began. "It's the Repeater watch, you remember . . . but I hope you'll repay me some of the . . ." Herr Court-Jeweller Schief seized and opened the parcel, flung the watch violently on the floor, and screamed excitedly: "So I sold you that. I who sell only Schief's Gold Repeater! You've the face to bring me a Schlagg's Seventeen-mark Silesian-Gold Geneva. . ." And he pointed menacingly to Count August, and growled "A pretty pair!"

Dénouement

Countess Henny fainted. When she came to, she reproached Count August fiercely for keeping the Gold Repeater, and throwing in the pond instead a Schlagg's seventeen-mark Silesian-Gold Geneva. "After I," she exclaimed, "without a thought of its value sacrificed the emerald bracelet." Count August held up the bracelet, which plainly she had not seen, bowed profoundly, and kissing with inimitable gallantry his ex-*fiancée's* wrist, whispered, "Where are the emeralds?"

Steely Philanthropy

WHAT THE AMERICAN STEEL TRUST DOES FOR ITS EMPLOYÉS' CHILDREN

BOYS AT PLAY

In one of the playgrounds provided for their employés' children by the United States Steel Corporation

SWINGS AND SEESAWS

In a corner of one of the playgrounds. The proximity of the factory is clearly shown in the photograph

THE SANDPIT AND SHELTER

Showing numbers of children at play in various ways, some of them interrupted by the presence of the photographer

A MINIATURE EARL'S COURT

Children enjoying a slide on the chute

SEASIDE SAND

Where sand pies and castles may be made ad lib.

The United States Steel Corporation spends roughly 5 500,000 dollars per annum on its Welfare Bureau, part of the work of which is illustrated above in the provision of playgrounds for their employés' children. The Trust employs 200,000 men, and its various communities number 600,000 persons. As a member of the Steel Trust says: "The welfare work is frankly philanthropic and economic. It tends to build up a stronger and more efficient as well as a loyal set of workers." Can this be why the Steel Corporation, besides being one of the wealthiest in the world, avoids strikes?

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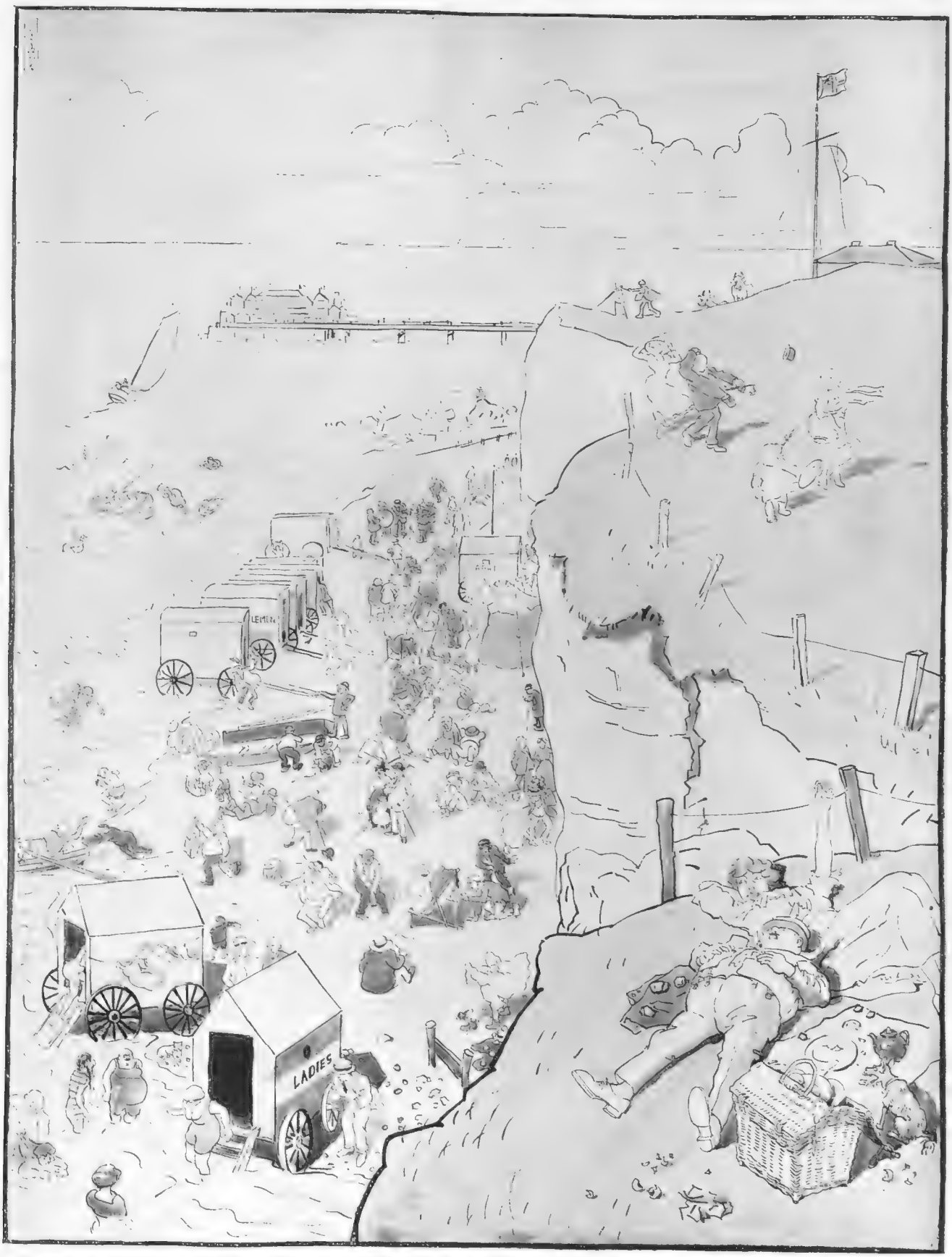
"Everybody Busy: No Poetic Like Japan"

OUR JAPANESE ARTIST'S SEASIDE IMPRESSIONS



"England is island like Japan, both places people like sea. One day thought I go to seaside for rest and bathe. No good, noisy band, everybody busy, no poetic like Japan. Wind blow from north, but many swimming, so skin must be strong like fish against cold. Wind blow hard on cliff, but man sleep all same, not blow away, body quite heavy because too much eat. In Japan whole family bathe together, but England many ladies alone. Gentleman not far off with camera, suppose love beauty can't keep away"

ILLUSTRATION AND DESCRIPTION BY R. ARAI, OUR JAPANESE ARTIST

It's a Way They Have at the Seaside

OF DOING ANYTHING IN THE SEA BUT BATHE IN IT

SURF-TENNIS
The net is a tape held by members of the party corresponding to caddies. This is an excellent game for—tennis-racket makers!

MOTOR SEA-YCLING
A pastime, the chief advantage of which is that if your petrol-tank catches fire you have the means to put it out quite handy, and your engine is, of course, naturally "water-cooled"

CANOEING IN BATHING COSTUME

These are pictures of things that happen at certain seaside resorts in the Isle of Wight. But they are also typical of the general modern attitude towards the sea. When you go to the seaside you take your pastimes with you. Further, you take them into the sea with you. Old-fashioned bathing, with its "One, two, three! duck!" is stale nowadays. So is swimming. But swimming-costume—not by any means!

By Mountain-Stream and Hoary Crag

THE MEET OF THE BORDER COUNTIES OTTER HOUNDS AT BRYN CRÜG

UNDER THE SHADOW OF BIRD ROCK

The pack is seen in the picture passing under Pontygarth Bridge on the River Byfynni, which, at this point, comes down from the hills at a considerable pace

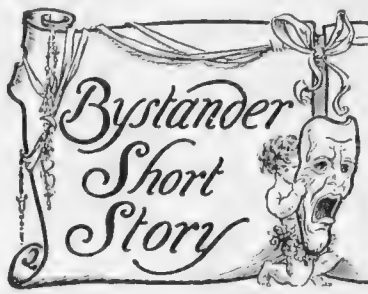
Photographs] THE HOUNDS HOT ON THE SCENT *[Sport and General*

Disturb the unfortunate cattle who have been drinking knee-deep in the swift-running river. The meet of the famous Merionethshire Otter-hounds, illustrated above, took place last week at Bryn Crüg, when some excellent sport was enjoyed

Not So Dangerous As It Looks

Photograph] SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF OLD WINDSOR WEIR [*W. H. Porter*

There are few sensations quite so exhilarating as shooting a fast-running weir, and provided the descent is not too sudden the danger is practically nil. All that has to be done is to keep the nose of the punt in a line with the stream



BLIND JUSTICE

THE STORY OF A RUSTIC TRAGEDY

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell

"WHAT did I marry you for?" echoed Rhoda Sprigge, stopping her vigorous wringing of clothes to fling the words after her husband where he stood irresolutely at the door.

She swirled some soapsuds off her hands while she laughed derisively, her gleaming teeth showing white and cruel between her scarlet lips, her bronze hair rippling in disorder over the dark arched eyebrows that helped to make her a handsome woman.

"I'll tell you," she said; "I married you for love, Joe Sprigge, love of your comely face and your fine figure." She pointed her finger at the bent shoulders and clumsy limbs, the pathetic grey face, wizened with work and trouble, that looked ten years older than his two score and a half warranted.

"I thought I'd like to have you laying beside me o' nights," she jeered, "and 'twould be rare and gay here with that blind daffy mowing and moping in the corner there."

Her bold brown eyes turned without a ray of softening in them to the chimney-settle, where Esaiah, Sprigge's blind son, sat listlessly fingering a cabbage-net he had been mending for his father's bit of garden.

The lad's sightless eyes turned towards his stepmother, and the pucker in his forehead deepened, while his lips quivered.

For after the treasured memory of his dead mother's gentleness, and the peace of his father's silent sympathy, the invasion of this vicious-tongued, heavy-handed vixen, had been a daily agony to him.

And the word "daffy" struck his sensitive nature like a physical blow, for his mind was clear and finely strung, and with careful training would have developed into a capacity above his station.

His delicate features and fragile build made him seem younger and more helpless than he really was; with exercise he could have held his own amongst other lads of his age.

The taunt about his boy stung Joe into a retort, and he said, though with hesitation: "He ain't daffy—Es isn't. You told me you was turned out of your father's doors, and hadn't no home. You said you only wanted a quiet place you could call your own, and you'd fend for me and the boy——"

She had been rubbing out a blouse in the tub with her back to him, but she swung round now like a fury.

"A pack o' nonsense," she said. "You were a fool to believe me. I was in a rage, and I told 'em I could find a home for myself easy, and you happened to be the first man I met—if you call yourself a man!"

She paused for breath, and then, suddenly exasperated at his meek silence, hurled a wet scrubbing-brush at him.

Joe ducked and vanished, pulling the door to after him with a bang.

Rhoda laughed again, sardonically, and went to pick up the brush.

As she did so she noticed that Esaiah had sprung to his feet, and lifted his clenched right hand, while his face worked with a passion of tears that showed impotent indignation.

"Father!" he called out, gasping, "has she hurt you? If she has I'll——"

Words failed him, so convulsed was he with rage.

Rhoda stood still, her face darkening.

"You'll what?" she demanded threateningly. "You're going to interfere, are you—going to learn your father to stand up again me?"

"If I'd only my sight," the boy stammered, "I'd stand up to you myself."

She laughed out at that, a loud, purposely irritating burst of sound.

The boy's face flamed, and he smote violently downwards on the table near.

"You jade!" he said, "you're driving us mad, both of us, that's what you're doing. My father's too good for the like of you—I've heard from the lads what you were, and what your own father said to you. You're not fit to be an honest man's wife, and I'd tell him so, only——"

The words were struck from his lips by something cold and stinging. Rhoda had seized a wet cloth from the rail, and slashed at him with all her strength.

Es staggered back a pace, and fell into his chair, putting his hand up to his bruised mouth.

"That's a lesson to hold your tongue," she said, "let me catch you talking to your father about me. I'll make your life a hell if you do."

He said nothing. He was shaking all over in a curious way, as a dog will do when it has been suddenly attacked and cowed.

He felt about for the net, and fingered it once more in his nervous manner, tightening the knots, and, now and again, furtively passing his tongue over his lips.

Rhoda finished her washing, and carrying a basket of wet things outside, hung them up on the line that was stretched from the cottage porch to an elm close by.

Beyond the little clearing that Joe called his garden were the trees, sparse at first, but quickly growing close and thick, of Thring Wood, which ended at the edge of the Common a few hundred yards to the right, but continued to the left for half a mile at least.

A lonely cottage, chosen by Joe when the misfortune of their first and only child made him and his wife shun the gossip and companionship of the village.

"We're best by ourselves, lass," he said to her the evening that they took possession of it, "us and the little lad. He won't get knocked about then by things and people he can't see."

So it was only when the village boys came to pick primroses, or nuts, or blackberries in the wood that Es, sitting in the porch, could hold converse with his kind, and hear

[*All rights strictly reserved*]

news of the world beyond his little patch of home.

Presently Rhoda returned, cleaned up the cottage, and, drawing a jug of ale, drank a glassful at a draught.

"I'm thirsty," said Esaiah suddenly.

She took no notice beyond pouring herself out a second glass.

He rose and began feeling along the dresser for a bottle of water, which his father never failed to put within reach.

Rhoda went deliberately across the room, took the water, and placed it on a higher shelf.

A pulse beating in the lad's forehead showed the feverish excitement possessing him. He knew by the sound exactly what his step-mother had done, and moistening his dry lips went back to his seat.

Rhoda laughed again, finished her own glass of ale, and sat down in the high-backed chair near the fire, where she indulged most afternoons in a nap before getting the tea.

The light waned early in these Spring days, shut out by the tall trees all round, and in this corner by the fireplace the lad's face was in shadow.

Rhoda glanced over her shoulder at him once, and seeing that the restless hands were still, concluded that he slept.

She drifted off into slumber herself before long, fitful at first, and then, deepened by the drowsy warmth, and the effect of the ale after her work, into a fast sleep.

Esaiah stirred, and, bending forward, listened to her breathing, loud and regular.

Stretching one arm out until his fingers touched the table at her right he guided himself round to the back of her chair, and stood there, listening again intently, while his hands felt along the high rail on which her head, flung back, rested.

The firelight gleamed on the white pillar of her bare throat, and the sixth sense, supplementing his blindness, served him unerringly as he swiftly passed an end of the net he was holding across it with one hand, and catching it deftly in the other, suddenly twisted both ends together at the back of the chair under the rail, and threw his weight upon them.

Her breath stopped with a catch, her eyes opened, staring straight up at the ceiling, and her hands—the strong hands of a young muscular woman—went convulsively to her neck, the fingers striving vainly to loosen the band of knotted strings cutting deeply into i

Through her whole frame went a violent shudder; she strove, with the instinct of self-preservation, to wrench herself free, but the twist of the net grew tighter, and the lad, putting his knee against the chair, strained desperately to keep his hold.

Great beads of sweat sprang out on his forehead and rolled down in heavy drops, his breath came short and hurried, his limbs shook as if in ague, and a deadly faintness began to numb his brain.

It was at the very instant of his strength failing that her arms dropped like logs, and the blue shadow of death came round her distorted lips, while her eyes rolled up and fixed. It was over!

Rhoda Sprigge had laughed for the last time in her life when she amused herself by putting the water out of the blind boy's reach.

He sank to the ground, overwrought and exhausted, and lay there moveless, waiting for the slightest sign of returning life from the inert figure in the chair.

Steps approaching on the garden path filled him with wild alarm, and he rose swiftly, grasping the rail and striving to untwist the net.

A brilliant sunset flaring across the sky made a lurid background to Joe's bent figure as he stood at the door staring in, startled with some vague prescience of tragedy.

"What's up with you, Es?" he said, and at the words, as though a spell was broken, the lad threw himself down again, sobbing and moaning distractedly.

Joe advanced, slowly, doubtfully, staring at the stiff figure of his wife, until a shaft of crimson light shining through the window fell across Rhoda's face and throat.

He was at her side in an instant, loosening with trembling, knotted hands the net that had strangled her, calling on her to speak, to live!

"Rhoda, my lass—my poor lass—who's done this to you?"

He turned and looked down at Esaiah crouching, silent now, at his feet.

"She's dead!" he said. "Someone's strangled her—who came in the cottage, lad? Why didn't you shout for help? Didn't you dare? Didn't you know he was killing her? Oh! poor lad! how could you tell? You're most frightened to death—there! there! let me help you into your chair. Why, your hands are hurt—you struggled with him then—and your lips swollen and cut! Can't you tell me how 'twas?"

He soothed the boy as a woman might, and fetched him water, and Esaiah sobbed that he could tell nothing, except that someone had crossed the room to Rhoda's chair. He had tried to loosen the net, and his hands weren't strong enough, and he thought he had been mad—he could remember nothing else.

"Come outside," Joe said; "sit there in the porch while I run to the village. We must get help and find the man."

And as he ran he realised, with a feeling of shame, that in spite of his horror at the fate of the poor lass, and his wish that he had returned in time to save her, he had a sense of relief, of peace, of freedom, to which he had long been a stranger, and that the thought came of how Es would be happier now.

"Us two together again," was the refrain going through his mind, "and never anyone to come between us any more."

For the only comment that the village made was a philosophical one: "Well, we know you didn't do it, Joe, because you was at your work; and it couldn't have been Es, for he hasn't the strength, poor lad! Rhoda was a main powerful woman, and it would take a strong man to master her. It must have been one of the chaps as she played fast and loose with—and she's got her punishment, poor thing."

And the coroner's verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," with a rider of sympathy for the poor blind lad, endorsed this local ultimatum.

So, in the cottage, peace brooded, silent, once more.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

TO AUTHORS

THE BYSTANDER is willing to consider stories belonging to either of the two following classes: (a) Stories of from 2,500 to 3,500 words in length of dramatic interest. Novelty of idea specially welcomed. A brief résumé of the plot must accompany each story. (b) Comedy stories of about 1,000 to 1,250 words. A minimum payment of three guineas will be made for such of these as are selected for publication. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Turn of the Tied

AN AUGUST EPISODE

BY E. A. MORROW

What Does the Public Want?

SOME REMARKS ON ENTERPRISE AMONG THEATRICAL MANAGERS

BY "JINGLE"

THE autumn season, as far as the theatres are concerned, is now close upon us, and the various managers, with their disastrous experience of the earlier part of the year in mind, must, if they be prudent men, be considering very carefully the kind of novelty with which they hope to attract to their doors a remunerative section of the general public. The question is: What does the public want? The answer is—that the public does not, and never did, know. I am informed that when Socialism comes (to-morrow, or the day after, or, it may be, the day after that) the principal planks in its platform will be Initiative and the Referendum. That is, some clever people will think out new schemes of Government, giving the people a friendly lead, as it were; and then the electors will vote on the question according as their consciences or their personal interests dictate. As far as the theatres are concerned, we certainly live in a world of Initiative and Referendum to-day. The mass of the people do not know what they want, and the majority of the managers (and especially the actor-managers) are far too distinguished to be expected to take the trouble of studying the psychology of crowds. Consequently the success of the coming theatrical season will depend upon the men with Initiative, aided, to a large extent, by the great god Chance.

A few years ago the business of gauging the public taste to a remunerative degree was a comparatively simple one. London was not a city of entertainments, and the few theatres that were in what may be called regular work harped again and again on the single string that had been found to attract an approving *clientèle*. Twenty-five years ago the stereotyped plays at the St. James's and Haymarket Theatres the very French farces at the Criterion, the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas at the Savoy, and the melodramas at the Adelphi, were pretty well all the public had to choose from; and it is to the credit of the authors of that period that their work was for the most part so good that it is still to be reckoned with even in these days of very fierce competition.

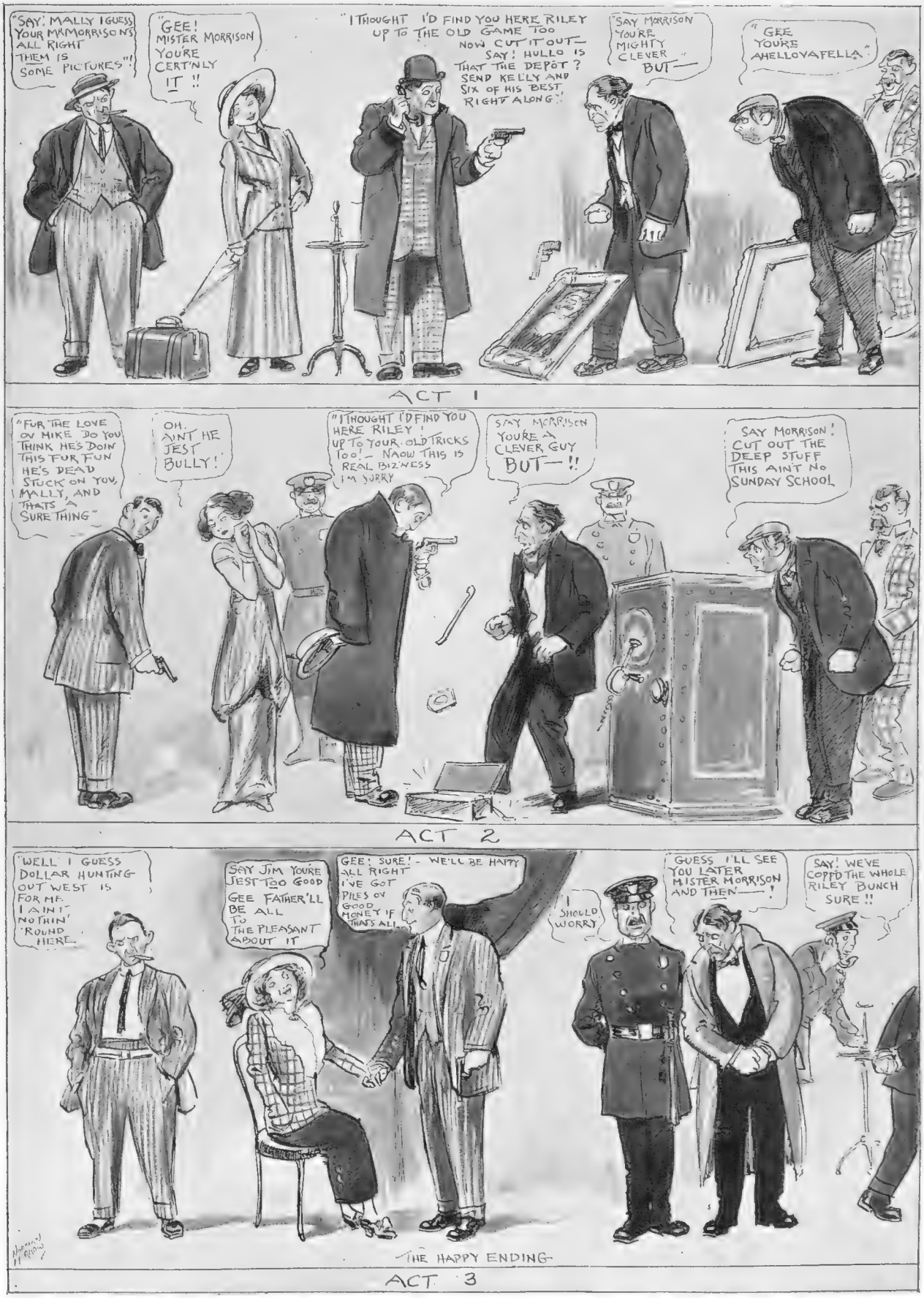
But the best play in the world cannot hope in these commercial days to reap the full advantage of its merits without competent business management. The public are, after all, only human, and the number of people who go to see a play out of sheer reverence for dramatic art is miserably small. I do not know why it should be expected to be otherwise, although I believe such expectations are freely entertained. What theatrical managers have to consider is that the theatre-going public, composed as it is for the most part of people to whom an entertainment is a relaxation after the day's business, will go where they get the most fun. Any manager who is contemplating his forthcoming production in an intelligent way might learn something from the genius who decided to offer the Thinking Public the spectacle of "The Girl in the Muff." This illuminating feature is embodied in the very delightful French Revue at the Middlesex Theatre of Varieties. "The Girl in the Muff" is a very pretty actress who comes on the stage holding in front of her a large muff, but for which she would, apparently, be standing before the audience "as God made her," to quote the excellent phrase of the late Mr. Wilson Barrett. Of course, the lady is not really so barefaced as she looks; but the illusion of the state of *puris naturalibus* is there, and all London is flocking to see it. What?

I do not suggest an epidemic of Girls in Muffs to the London managers for the forthcoming season, but I think this mild sensation is typical of the direction of the public taste in these modern days. I have never shared the delusion that any considerable section of the public goes to the theatre in order to be instructed or morally improved; and I have a distinct impression that if one of our leading London managers produced an indifferent play with a two-headed calf in the cast his commercial success would be quite as considerable as that of his rival next door who might be producing a Shakesperean tragedy, or something nice and elevating from the pen of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. At the present moment managers seem to be producing plays by rule of thumb just as they would have produced them twenty-five years ago, when London had not a tithe of the rival entertainments which, for good or ill, it boasts of to-day. I have lived long enough to see the old-fashioned comic opera develop into the musical comedy, and from thence into the very modern Revue. Is there nothing for our managers to learn from this phase of evolution? The Revue, for instance, although it was a long time in taking root among us, now threatens to become the prevailing form of fashionable amusement; while the picture-palace is already a national institution.

It may be that it is beneath the dignity of theatrical managers officially to notice these rival attractions of an inferior order; but unless the manager of the future is running his theatre for his health rather than for his pocket, he will be wise to study the directions in which the public are being led by rival Initiators. The net result of the change that has come over us will, no doubt, be that the area of the theatre as such will be very much more restricted than it is to-day. Doubtless, managers will go on competing recklessly with each other for the public custom; but the dismal fact will remain that the number of customers for purely theatrical goods is tending to decrease; and that, consequently, the percentage of theatrical failures will probably be as large in the future as in the past, by reason of the natural operation of the law of the survival of the fittest. As to what the constitution of the fittest will be, I do not presume to say; but I have an impression that heaven will be on the side, not of the manager with the highest type of goods, but of the manager with the greatest genius for the business which, as the proverb assures us, is—Business. The whole system of public entertainments in London is, for the moment, in the melting-pot; and if the British drama is to emerge from the ordeal as a going concern it will be necessary for theatrical managers to acquire at least a rudimentary knowledge of the very thorny path they have elected to tread. JINGLE

Plays We Know All About

NO. 2.—THE AMERICAN "CROOK" PLAY



The American "crook" play is, by this time, something of a "chestnut." It consists of four principal characters, the "crook" who always gets found out, the ultra-smart detective (with revolver) who always finds him out, the girl whom the detective becomes engaged to in Act III., and the cynical and very American gentleman who acts as a foil to the smart deeds of the "'tec," and, incidentally, provides what subtle humour he may. Enough said!

BY NORMAN MORROW

The Bystander in Marienbad

A FIRST EXPERIENCE OF TAKING THE CURE

AN EARLY MORNING DUTY

Sir Arthur Walsh and Mr. Charles Hawtrey taking the waters at Marienbad

À la Riviera

When I am on the Riviera in the winter I never fail to read the illustrated English local, for there is always a brilliant article in it by the Man on the Spot or the Nice Man, or something of that sort, who takes me the round of all the restaurants, the American Bars, and the night cafés till I get to know all the leading frequenters of these gay resorts. "Well," I thought as I was rocked through Germany in the convenient *luxe* from Paris, "I will take the readers of THE BYSTANDER a similar tour in Marienbad."

Many Handmaidens

I woke this morning to hear a magnificent orchestra playing evidently just under my windows. Horrified to have so overslept, for I thought it must be at least eleven o'clock, what was my surprise to find it was only half-past six, and on looking out to see the Colonnades thronged by a big crowd of promenaders. I dressed hurriedly, determined to be in the swim, and found everyone carrying a glass of water, from which they were sipping through a glass tube. Having bought the necessary I proceeded to the spring, where I found a deep well, at the bottom of which was a gurgling fountain, round which, tier on tier, stood many handmaidens, to the nearest of whom I handed my glass. Down it went to the next maiden and the next, and returned filled the same way.

Photographs *Friedrich*

ON THE PROMENADE

Lord Dunedin and two friends also "regaling" themselves with the precious waters

Distinguished Visitors

Whilst I was strolling along the Colonnade I saw Lord Dunedin in animated conversation with pretty Mrs. Glasgow, and that dear old judge, Vaughan Williams, and his spouse Darby and Joaning it, the beautiful Mrs. Hector Sassoon and her husband, that fierce old Liberal Mr. Eugene Wason and his wife, Sir Arthur Walsh, who is said by the local press to be here arranging for the Prince of Wales to come and do a cure under Dr. Ott, who was King Edward's doctor here, Miss Mary Walpole, and Mr. T. R. Walrond.

A Search

I was glad to get some breakfast at the kursaal, and beautiful foaming coffee and milk it was, too, and the ham (Prager ham the waiter said) excellent, so also the bread and butter. Well, later I felt like something more cheering than cold Kreuzbrunnen or hot coffee, and I set off on my quest. But I drew a blank; there does not seem to be an American Bar in the whole place. I saw Charlie Hawtrey swaggering down the street, and I followed him, and soon he entered a fine palatial building, but the best it could offer me was a mud-bath!

Dinner

No, no one wants a drink here, they drink so much Kreuzbrunnen it seems to drench the system, and, in fact, the doctors do not encourage either wine or beer, much less spirits. But the restaurants, and there are many of them, are excellent. The swagger place for dinner is the Ott, but even at a smart dinner the *menu* is often something like:

Soles Frites Sauce Tartare

Perdreaux Rotis
Pommes Chips
Airelles Rouge

Aubergines à la Edouard VII.

Compote de Pêches

the *menu* of a dinner given by Mr. Leopold Straus the other night. But jolly good it is, and the little Bohemian partridges are capital eating.

Amusements

At few other restaurants does anyone dress for dinner or supper as it really is, except occasionally at the Klinger. Water or a little white wine is the tipple. Of course, not everyone here is trying to get thin, or to cure an overworked heart or ease a fatty liver, for there are hundreds of Germans and Austrians who come here for their holidays, and as there are no American bars they crowd the *conditoreis*, or confectioners, where a wonderful variety of delicious cakes, unsurpassed anywhere, are served. Also, there is a theatre, where, *inter alia*, they are playing Franz Lehar's latest "Der Lachende Ehemann," and where the play begins at 6.30 and ends about 9.30 or 10, for late hours are forbidden here.

A Delightful Drive

A delightful thing to do is to drive through miles and miles of the most lovely pine forests to Glatzen, a shooting-box of Prince Metternich, where there is a pretty restaurant, and where the trout served *au bleu* are not to be missed.

R. DE BOURBEL

The Traveller in Brittany

HOMEWARD BOUND
Sardine fishing boats coming into harbour at Douarnenez, Brittany

BRETON FISHER-FOLK
Occupying a few spare minutes with gossip on the beach at Douarnenez

Country Inns

NOTHING new has been revealed by the correspondence in the *Daily Mail* regarding English country inns, nor is it surprising to find the apologists but very few in number. The English inn has for long been a disgrace to a country which, taking it all round, does amazingly little to attract or aid the tourist. There is scarcely one of us who has not experienced the inevitable "cold lunch" with its stringy meat, its horrible pickles, and its nightmare of a bill to follow the undrinkable coffee. Nearly all of us, too, are unpleasantly familiar with that greasy, fly-blown wine list which proclaims the emptiness of the cellar, while the German waiter, with his gravy-laden dress-suit and his abominable accent is an enemy against whom we have now warred for generations. But grumble and curse as we will, the English inn goes on in its own sour way, an untempting thieving hostelry to which necessity alone drives us. How differently they do things in France, in no part of which are the inns really bad, while in some they are superlatively excellent. I have been doing a little touring in Brittany of late, and have been astounded by the admirable catering in even the smallest villages. The other night a *panne* compelled us to dine in a hamlet boasting the most modest of inns. The hour was late; our arrival was, of course, unexpected; and it was almost with fear and trembling that we asked for a meal. Instead of sour looks, stale food, and undrinkable wine :—

Melon
Pot au Feu
Escalopes de Veau Braisées
Haricots Verts
Dessert

Cheap Drinks

We drank some delicious Medoc, the coffee and liqueur were perfect, and the bill came to exactly three shillings per head. We congratulated the *patronne* on her cuisine and wines, whereupon she insisted upon offering us a parting bottle of wine with which to drink her health! At that same inn, by the way, whisky was obtainable at a charge of threepence per glass, the bottle being offered to the consumer for him to help himself as he wished.

An Eight-Course Lunch

All through Brittany I have found the food wonderfully good and extraordinarily moderate in price. In one town I struck an hotel whose luncheon consisted of *eight* excellent courses, the charge for which, including very drinkable cider, was exactly two francs! Nowhere, of course, will one find any but native waiters, while often one is served by dainty waitresses in the whitest of caps and aprons. Contrast these with a sleepy, indifferent, and generally dirty German waiter, and the appetising *menus* with the horrible "gravy" soup and cold chicken and ham that prevail at home. And there is absolutely no excuse for the conditions that exist in England, where

Photographs *Joel*

"NOTHING DOING"
Fisher-folk at Douarnenez having a smoke and a chat by the harbour wall

food, especially meat, is cheaper than in France, and where we pretend to dislike the German even more strongly than do the French.

Brittany for Economy

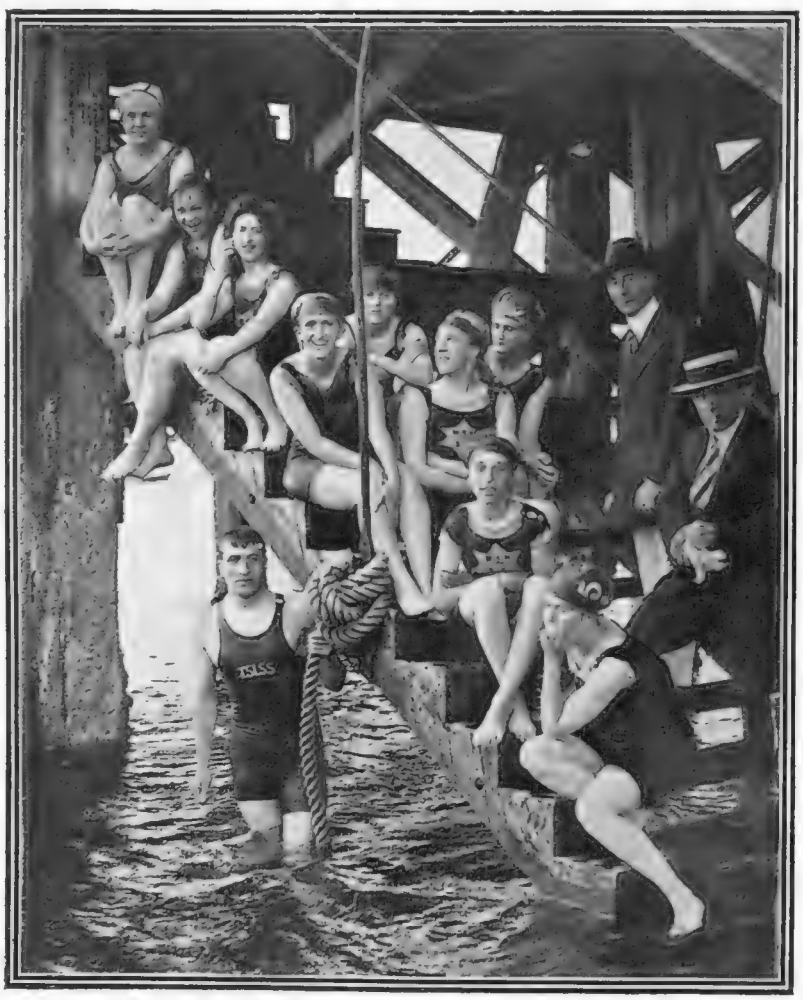
What a country Brittany is for the economically minded. There are no end of delightful little places in which one can spend a holiday where the charges never exceed ten francs a day and all included, and are often as low as five francs a day, especially out of the season. On the north coast, near Lannion, there are two charming little spots—Port Blanc and Perros Guirec, at both of which the hotels are cheap and good, and where one can laze away a fortnight most pleasantly. At Perros Guirec there is capital bathing, while Port Blanc is a very picturesque little spot. Another nice little place on the north coast is Trebeurden, a little village about half a mile from the sea, with a very good hotel and a capital sandy *plage*. Val André and St. Cast near Dinard, are two other *trous pas chers* on the northern coast which can be recommended. Brignogan, near Brest, is a tiny spot almost unknown to English visitors, where the bathing is excellent and the hotel good and cheap. The shore is strewn with huge blocks of granite, and near by are several Druidical remains of much interest. On the south coast, places worth noting are Beg Meil and Carnac, the latter being famous for its wonderful dolmens and menhirs.

Still Unspoiled by Tourists

A dear little *trou* is Benodet, about ten miles from Quimper, with an hotel which will take one in for as little as five francs a day, while at Quiberon facing Belle-Ile-en-Mer, the bathing is both good and safe, and the hotel only charges eight francs per day. None of these places, of course, offer any "attractions," but all of them are pretty, unconventional, and cheap, and if the hotels scarcely "say the last word," they are one and all spotlessly clean, and the food is excellent. Should any of my readers be tempted to stop at any of these places let me recommend them to take their bicycles with them, for the railway communications of Brittany often leave much to be desired, and there are so many interesting excursions to be made in this still primitive land, which even the British tourist and "cheap facilities" have been unable to spoil. All the places I have mentioned are, of course, best reached *via* Southampton and St. Malo and thence by rail.

Ambleteuse

Those who want a *trou pas cher* quite close to England may be advised to try Ambleteuse, near Boulogne, where there is a fairly good and cheap hotel and no end of cottages and villas. Ambleteuse boasts glorious sands and being off the railway line is still fairly primitive and beyond the reach of the tripper. It is quite close to the Boulogne golf links, and its air is almost as bracing as that of Margate. Beyond Ambleteuse is a still more primitive place—Audresselle—consisting mainly of little cottages. Of course, at both these places there is little else to do but bathe and shrimp, but Boulogne casino is within easy reach, and that of Wimereux, a place I never could get myself to like, still easier.



THE TEAMS IN THE FIRST LADIES' WATER POLO MATCH

Played at Teignmouth, under the auspices of the Swimming and Life-Saving Society. The match was played between Cardiff and Weston-Super-Mare, and was won by the latter (4 goals to 1), the prize being a 12-guinea Cup. Spectators to the number of 10,000 witnessed the match

Answers to Queries

G. T. J. (Boulogne).—I have answered you by post. I don't want to make the restaurant *too* popular! Let me know what you think of it.

H. M. (Mont Dore).—Yes, it is only locally that you can get the correct costume. It costs about 30fr.

W. H. W. (Hardelot).—I can highly recommend the Hôtel d'Hardelot, whose proprietor, M. Cavier, is most obliging and capable. Hardelot is a charming place near Boulogne, very pretty, and a delightful mixture of sea and country. It was "discovered" by Mr. John Witley, once of exhibition fame. I feel sure that you will enjoy your holiday there.

E. B. (Eastbourne).—Many thanks for your letter. I shall not fail to avail myself of your invitation.

The Traveller

"The Traveller" will always be glad to give unbiassed information on any matter relating to travel. Queries should be addressed to "The Traveller," c/o The Bystander, *Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C. If a reply by post be required a stamp should be enclosed.*

In the Delectable Duchy

TWO CHARACTERISTIC PICTURES OF THE CORNISH COAST

"THE HOUR OF GLOAMING GREY"

ST. IVES—"WHERE BROODS A SUMMER CALM O'ER LAND AND SEA"

BY J. CRUWYS RICHARDS

Mr. William Caine in the New Forest

Another vagabondage recorded—this time by that amusing writer, Mr. William Caine. *The New Foresters* (Nisbet: 5*s.* net) sufficiently proclaims in its title the extent of his tour. There is one short extract from a diary, but, as Mr. Caine tells us, that is only included from a sense of propriety. In a book of this kind, you are supposed to print a part of your official journal even if you have omitted, like Mr. Caine, to keep one. Mr. Caine plays guide. If you want to tour through the New Forest, you must first buy a donkey. To buy a really suitable donkey needs much time, and at least half a dozen chapters. But having got your donkey, and put it between the shafts of a governess cart, you are ready to go forth to meet organ-grinders, fauns, peers of the realm, and all the other usual inhabitants of a forest. The faun, indeed, made an admirable companion. He was called Charles, and rescued the author's wife when she was lost. His existence (disallowed by so many modern scientists) alone is sufficient to make the reader keen to follow in Mr. Caine's steps. The author's happiest moment was when Lord Montagu of Beaulieu took him for a professional painter, which he is not, but this was, perhaps, a natural mistake. It is Mr. Caine's custom to paint pictures and to start novels at every available moment. All the same, I for one regret that his modesty should have prevented him from illustrating such an entertaining book with a dozen or so of his own sketches.

MISS IRIS TREE

Youngest daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, aged sixteen, and author of a book of poems

"The Vision of the Years"

Curtis Yorke is one of those agreeable writers who never seem to over-write themselves. She is never content with a poor tale or with feeble characterisation. You know that you are probably going to "sit up late" if once you open one of her novels. Her latest book, *The Vision of the Years* (Long: 6*s.*), is an unusually good story wound round a very weird idea. The title is puzzling until you know the "secret," and what this is it does not fall within my province to tell. (Indeed, the odd thing about this "secret" is that you never suspect its existence until it is forced on your notice.) At the beginning of things Berenice Wyndham is a governess-companion, poverty-stricken in Bloomsbury. In the middle of things, she is married to a doctor and pestered by the attentions of his supposed friend. This man is suffering from some heart complaint, and Berenice, goaded into a state of desperation, allows herself to watch him die when she could have saved his life with no trouble at all. This, perhaps, is not so horrible as it sounds, but the poor young wife suffers enough afterwards. And then at the end of things—well, there comes that wholly unexpected "secret," and you turn back, bewildered, to read most of the earlier chapters again. It is a weird book, but genuinely interesting. The story should please Curtis Yorke's large public and possibly add to its numbers.

County Folk

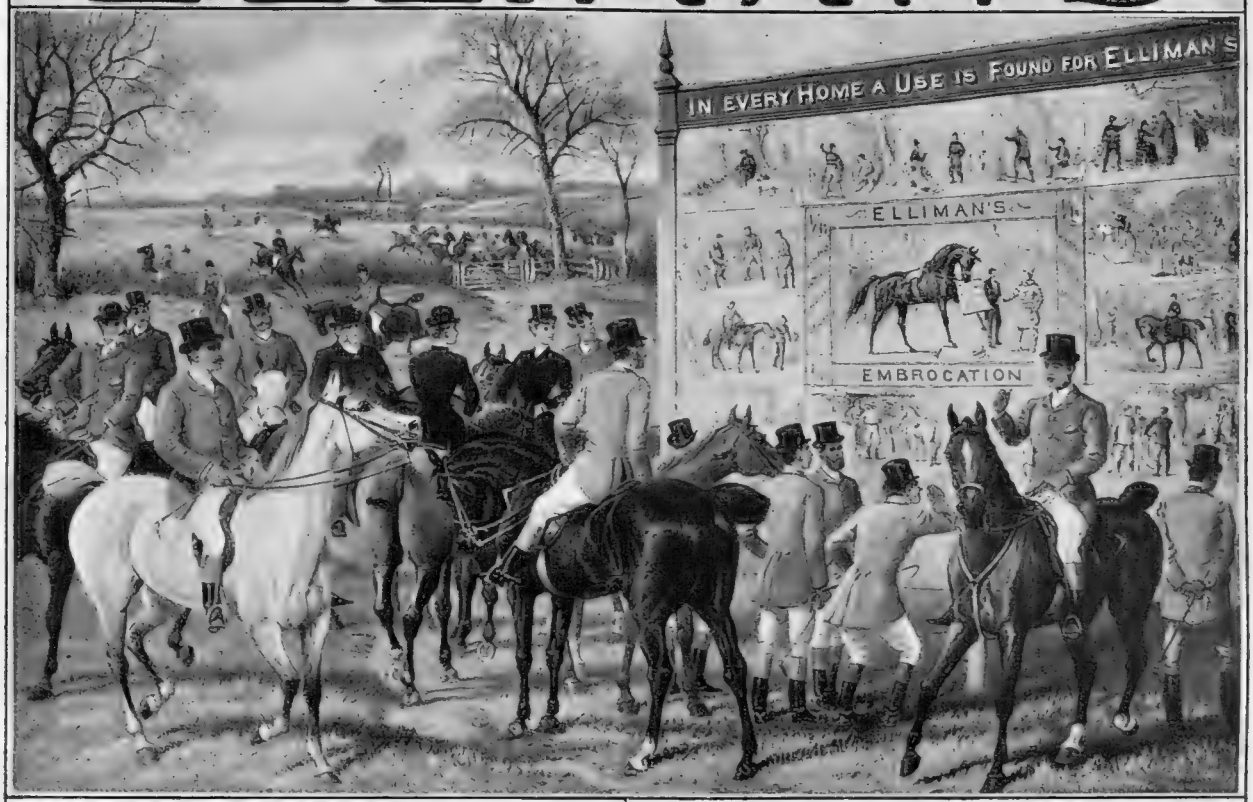
Mrs. L. Allen Harker's new novel, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* (Murray: 6*s.*), contains but the shred of a story, but it is, as might be expected, one of those pleasant books which really require no story at all. The Ffolliots are a county family whose numerous members get into scrapes. They are all quite charming. There is also a Liberal Member of Parliament. In the hands of some very popular novelists, the Member of Parliament would marry Miss Ffolliot, and in due course settle down comfortably; but Mrs. Harker knows better, and the Ffolliot girl marries the man whom everybody, including the old keeper, knows well enough to be the only man for her.

Melodrama on a Yacht

In *The Secret Cargo* (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*) Mr. J. S. Fletcher does not desert his beloved Yorkshire, but strays out into the diverse paths of more or less lurid melodrama. There is an Investigator of Crime, who struck me as being rather a stupid fellow, an American millionaire with yacht and diamond on the usual American scale. There is a scheming adventuress, and an Army Captain living on his wits, and there is, most important of all, the Investigator of Crime's ingenious clerk. Killingley, indeed, is the real hero. When the diamond is stolen, together with a curious casket containing the secret cargo of the title, you know that things are about to move with some speed. And so they do. Mr. Fletcher has a good tale to tell, and the end of his villains is very horrible indeed.

RALPH STRAUS

ELLIMAN'S



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Elliman, Sons & Co., Embrocation Manufacturers, Slough, England.

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EMBROCATION

Photograph] THE OPENING OF THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON *[Sport and General*

Members of Lord Furness's shoot over the Eavestone Moors, near Ripon, held on the 12th. In the photograph will be recognised Major and Mrs. Miles Stapylton and the Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, M.P. (with gun) conversing with a gamekeeper

SHOOTING: The Tipping Problem

How Much?

The eternal question of what to tip a keeper at the end of a shoot is always a bothersome one, especially to the guest shooting for the first time at a strange place. Unfortunately, the whole business of tipping is a somewhat serious one for many of us, as this wretched bugbear has a way of thrusting open its greedy jaws into every phase of life where servants and labouring classes are concerned. It is no sort of use howling, for this won't stay it, and though we heartily curse a system which now seems to have no end to it, we are obliged to do as others do, whether we can afford it or not, and look as if we liked it. Tipping appears to me to be a sort of aftermath of the old feudal custom of scattering *largesse*, and one would naturally suppose that in these modern Socialistic and Lloyd Georgian days, when it is the aim and object to sweep away all the old customs of our forefathers, that this long-established one of giving *largesse* would also be swept into the dustbin, as being a hated and insulting conservative method of showing appreciation by the classes to the poor downtrodden long-suffering masses.

Keeper v. Butler

I have, therefore, a suggestion to offer to hosts, one which, if they would adopt, would be a step in the right direction. It would certainly be welcomed by guests, it would not hurt keepers, and would clear the air. My suggestion is, that as most of us are agreed that tipping is come to stay, and is an institution which must be recognised, that at least it be kept within reasonable bounds. It must be remembered that indoor servants, as a rule, are well paid, fed, and clothed; their duties are comparatively light, and they have but little responsibility. They have no rent or taxes—beyond Lloyd George's ridiculous one—to pay, they are well housed, and their lot is not by any means a hard one. The tips to indoor servants should, if anything, be less than those given to outdoor servants, such as keepers, who have to keep families, and do many things a pampered indoor servant is clear of. A keeper's work lasts day and night, in storm and wet, in broiling sun or fog. His sleep is short and often broken; he is liable to have to fight for his life, and, perhaps, to forfeit it, in protecting his master's property. He must be firm, yet tactful, watchful and good-natured, civil and obliging, and all this on, perhaps, 25*s.* per week or less and a cottage. Put this hard-worked man's duties and expenses by the side of that of a portly butler, who lives on the best at his master's expense, taking things easily, himself being waited upon and valeted. I confess my sympathy goes out to the keeper, who deserves a tip if anyone does.

A Solution

Yet even with the keepers there must be moderation, otherwise it comes very hard on many guests, especially young officers in the Army and Navy and others, who have not the means to keep pace with rich men. It is no reason why a man need refuse an invitation, simply because he fears the tips. Such a thing is monstrous, yet I regret to say it often occurs. If hosts accept the fact that tips exist, and that guests' supplies of cash are by no means inexhaustible, and would say, "Very well, I am determined to keep tipping within reason in my establishment, and I shall be the arbiter of what the scale is to be, and see that they are such that they can hurt no one's pocket," it would be an excellent plan and solve the difficulty. Let the keepers know that the host has laid down a limit—which must never be exceeded on pain of dismissal—for a day's or several days' shoot, and the guests knowing what this limit is are prepared, without whispered consultations behind hedges, as to what to give, and are perfectly satisfied.

Five Shillings a Day

A scale of tips according to the character and size of the shoot is one way, whilst another, and more simple one, is to make a fixed sum of, say, 5*s.* per day for all shoots. This can be placed in a box in the house and distributed by the host as he thinks fit. I am sure that some such scheme would be welcome to the majority of guests, at least by those who are not given to trying to buy popularity with servants.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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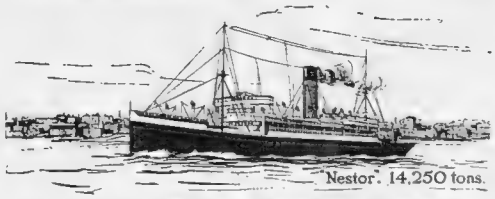

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A letter from
SIR JOHN TWIGG,
The Red House,
Mettingham,
Bungay.

"Now that the light is installed, and the contract practically completed, I should like to say how very pleased we are with the way in which the whole thing has been done. We are greatly indebted to Mr. —— for the way in which he advised and threw our requirements into shape, and the interest he has shown in getting things just right. As for the work itself, we have been more than pleased with the quiet, efficient way in which the foreman, Mr. —— carried out the scheme. He was always most obliging and helpful, and there was never any atom of trouble in the house at any time. We are altogether satisfied with the result so far as non-experts may judge."

A letter from
The Most Hon.
THE MARCHIONESS
OF SLIGO,
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S.W.

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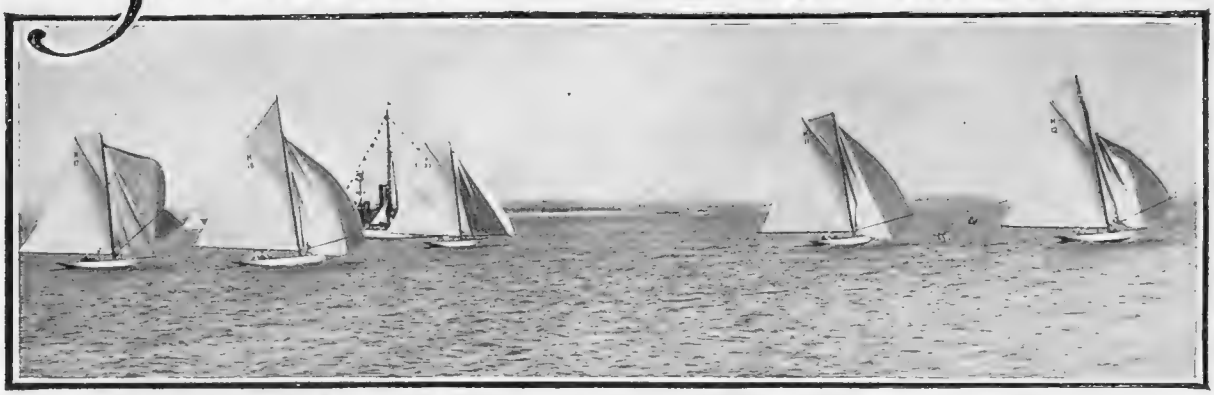
IX

SPORTS and PASTIMES



THE EIGHT-METRE FLEET RACING OFF RYDE IN THE ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA LAST WEEK

Left to Right: "Ierne" (Mr. A. F. Sharman Crawford), "Herio" (Mr. C. A. Prince), "Gundred" (Mr. A. F. Richards), "Ventana" (Mr. A. H. J. Hamilton), "The Truant" (Sir Ralph Gore)

For sightseers who are really interested in the racing, Ryde Week is even more attractive than Cowes, for from the end of Ryde pier (which is about a mile long) a splendid view of the yachts can be obtained. The race depicted above, wherein the five boats are running before the wind with their spinnakers set, was ultimately won by "The Truant," who alone of the five is carrying her jackyard topsail in the strong breeze

LAWN TENNIS

The Holiday Boom

We are now in the thick of the holiday season, and lawn tennis, more than ever before, has "made good" as a holiday game. I am not exaggerating when I say that people are competing in their hundreds in lawn tennis tournaments up and down the kingdom; that the proportion of tournaments going on at the present time, as compared with the total of a few years ago, is about five to one; and yet that there are evidently not too many of them, for from everywhere comes the same tale of "the biggest entry on record" and of careworn officials struggling to get through programmes of embarrassing dimensions. In fact, people who, like myself, are closely connected with the "running" of these entertainments are beginning to ask, with some trepidation, "Where is it going to end?"

How to Account for It

There must be something to account for this extraordinary boom—for you cannot call it anything else—especially as the boom is not confined to those who play. The lookers-on are increasing, too. "Gate" receipts are "up" almost everywhere, and watching tennis is now a recognised and eminently satisfying form of amusement. It is rather entertaining to try to account for this state of affairs, and my own humble opinion is that the chief reason for the present-day popularity of the game is to be found in this very fact that lookers-on can get almost as much pleasure and excitement out of it as those whom they come to look at. And, of course, this very fact makes the players keen. They are doing, or trying to do, something which is worth watching. It is fairly easy, too, for the most unsophisticated spectator to "get the hang" of a game of lawn tennis, and this is where it has the pull both over cricket and golf. The chauffeur who, after watching his employer play tennis for an hour or so, opined that the object of the game was to knock the net down may reasonably be deemed to have been a bit of a wag.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. D. R. LARCOMBE

Who at Buxton last week made her first appearance in tournament tennis since her accident—a severe blow in the eye from a ball—at Wimbledon, which prevented her from defending her title to the Championship

The Example of Wimbledon

We must remember, too, that last year the flowing tide of the game's advancement was rudely dammed by a barrier of disgustingly bad weather. This summer has not been an exceptionally benign one, but it has, at any rate, been fairly dry, and has consequently furnished an outlet for a lot of arrested energy. The people who gave up 1912 in despair are tackling 1913 with the same gusto as starving beggars tackle a square meal. They are making up for lost time. And on the top of all this we have the obvious fact that holidays are no longer spent in loafing—except by a negligible few who, for one reason or another, are incapable of doing anything else. The healthy holiday-maker in these days must be doing, or "assisting at," something, and lawn tennis, more than any other pursuit, seems to fill the bill. Finally, I am quite sure that the boom in tennis has been greatly augmented by those wonderful doings at Wimbledon, in which the young American player, McLoughlin, played so prominent, and yet so unassuming, a part. We have flocked in our thousands to watch him play, and we have come away, burning with the desire to imitate him, be it never so humbly. He came first at Wimbledon because he was new to us and because he more than fulfilled our expectations. We liked him as much for what he was as for what he did, and he, Wilding, and Parke between them have fired us all with a desire to be one of the crowd of which they are such estimable leaders.

Blissful Ignorance

The young gentleman who does the lawn tennis notes for the *Daily Express* has been much exercised in mind by a problem submitted to him by a correspondent. I may mention, parenthetically, that he veils his identity under a *nom de plume*, which seems, on the whole, judicious. "A ball," he relates, "dropped just over the net. The player knew he could not get to it in time, and in a moment of regrettable irritation hurled his racquet at it. By a truly remarkable chance the racquet hit the ball as it was rising, and sent it back. Whose point was it? Nothing in the rules says that you have to be connected with your racquet when the ball is struck." I do not know what alleged rules he can have consulted, for it is, of course, expressly provided that a player may not return a ball by throwing his racket at it. H. S. S.

GOLF

The "Gutty" Fetish

One of the favourite arguments of those writers who abuse the modern ball is the allegation that only those trained on the "gutty" ball have command of all the strokes of the game. It is such a common argument with this class of critics that it has become a regular *cliché* in their hands. Whenever one of the old brigade defeats the younger men this hackneyed statement is trotted out and used to prove that all would be for the best in the best possible of worlds if only this cursed American invention had not been imported into the game. One writer, indeed, went so far as to liken it to the "railroad" service in tennis and the "monkey seat" in racing, though, beyond the fact that these two are also American inventions, the analogy seems a trifle far-fetched. While he was about it this same writer might also have dragged in the American service at lawn tennis, and then the family would have been complete, and we should all have been happy in anathematising the "New World."

Photograph *Dixon*

"COLONEL BOGEY'S" CHARGER

Mr. F. M. Faulkner playing over a bunker at Ealing made of a freak horse and hedge. In this strange competition there were several similar "bunkers"

Seats and Services

I am not sufficiently versed in tennis or racing to judge how far the service in the one or the seat in the other has unbalanced matters, though, judging by a recent case, the monkey-seat appears to be responsible for a great deal of trouble. As to the American service in lawn tennis, one can say that it imported a decided element of novelty into the game, and that it has in no wise, to put it at its lowest, done any harm to the game beyond leading certain players to mistake a means for an end and to sacrifice a sound ground game on the altar of a flashy service.

The Age of the Rubber-Core

But when we come to golf I am quite ready for the critics. Have those who use this now stale argument about players trained on the new ball not learning the strokes at command possessed by those who learned with the "gutty" considered the important element of date? The first "Haskells" were used by a few players in the Amateur and Open Championships of 1902, but the rubber-cored ball cannot be said to have come into general use till the following year. It was still quite a common thing in the autumn of 1902 and spring of 1903 for players to ring the changes on "gutty" and "rubber-core," using the one at short holes and the other at long ones. We may safely say, therefore, that the rubber-cored ball has only been in full play for ten years. What does this mean? It means that the generation trained solely and entirely on the modern ball is only just stepping on to the public stage.

A Prophecy

Let us take the age at which an embryo champion begins to play golf as ten years. That means that that embryo champion is only just twenty in this year of grace, and that the generation of players who have had no knowledge or experience of the old "gutty" ball is just beginning to feel its way into the front ranks. Probably both Mr. Kyle and Mr. Bretherton, who did so well in the recent Amateur Championship at St. Andrews are pure products of the rubber-cored age. No one can honestly allege that either of those players is deficient in any stroke of the game, the only defects in their armour being youth and want of experience, which time will in a few short years remedy. I look forward to the next few years as being likely to produce some startling changes in the front ranks of golf, and I believe that the young generation trained entirely on the rubber-cored ball will begin to knock the argument I have been considering into a cocked hat.

Limitations

We are told on eminently practical and scientific authority that a limit has now been reached of the length to which the human player can drive the ball. Therefore, there is no need for us to wring our hands or cackle about "limitation" which has now, apparently, taken the place formerly occupied by "standardisation." "Standardisation" has burst like a bubble, I am thankful to say, and we hear no more about it. "Limitation" will, I hope, follow suit. The game is perfectly healthy and requires no tinkering such as would follow were the shrieks of those who allege that the game is being ruined listened to. There is one agency outside the game which is happily beyond any one's control, and that is the wind. The recent Championship at Hoylake, with its resultant scores, shows that even the latest ball is powerless against a stiff nor'-wester at Hoylake, and the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, holds good on the other big seaside courses. ERNEST LEHMANN

SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW INDUSTRY.

The Super-Dreadnought, the "Queen Elizabeth," which is to be launched at Portsmouth in the autumn, is to be driven by Oil. Instead of coal bunkers she will have a false bottom to form an Oil tank. This epoch-making event marks a new era and goes to prove conclusively the money there is to be made out of shrewd Oil investments.

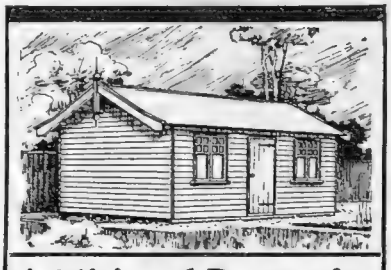
A pioneer company, known as the "Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa, Ltd.," with a capital of £250,000 (£1 shares), controls about 150 square miles of land in the Ceres district of South Africa, which, in the opinion of eminent experts, including Mr. J. E. Mills Davies, of Johannesburg, from the geological formation of the district, is entirely favourable for the accumulation and storage of petroleum Oil in large quantities.

The latest cables received from the Company's experts are very favourable, and point most convincingly to the fact that the Company has a property the value of which it is difficult to estimate, and it is stated that the £1 shares will, when the Oil is actually reached, rise in value to possibly £200 per share.

That there is Oil in South Africa, and that the Ceres district is the place for investigation, is further confirmed by the fact that the Government of South Africa has appointed Mr. Cunningham Craig, the British Government Oil Expert, to make a preliminary survey of Oil occurrences and indications in South Africa, more particularly in the Ceres district, where the property referred to is situate.

The South African Petroleum Exploration Syndicate, Ltd., has agreed to provide the "Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa, Ltd.," with a working capital of £50,000. The Company is a parent undertaking, and beyond sinking test bores from time to time on various portions of the property, it will not embark upon commercial trading. Consequently, the working capital to be provided should be ample to enable this policy to be carried out.

An interesting brochure has been prepared, giving maps, plans, experts' reports, and Press notices, dealing with the Company, and a free copy will be sent to any of our readers applying to the Syndicate at 80, Coleman Street, London, E.C.



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RACING: Stockton and Hurst Park. By CARBINE

St. Leger Horses

We had disturbing reports last week about one or two of the more prominent St. Leger candidates. It appears that Shogun rather severely rapped himself when at exercise, and had to be indulged with some easy work in consequence. I hope that by the time these notes are published the colt will have resumed his St. Leger preparation, for a good deal of interest would be knocked out of the great Doncaster race if Mr. Hulton's colt failed to appear. It is a little curious that at the same time last year we were discussing the St. Leger prospects of another of Mr. Hulton's colts, Lomond. He eventually proved to be an utterly false favourite, and I hope Shogun is not destined to be equally disappointing. Meanwhile one also hears discomforting reports concerning Louvois, who, having met with a slight accident, was not in his usual place at exercise last week-end. On the other hand, Day Comet appears to be doing well, and he will be the St. Leger favourite if things go wrong with Shogun and Louvois. It would, however, be a poor sort of classic race without those two cracks.

This Week's Meeting

At Stockton this week the racing promises to be of fair interest. I notice a lot of very useful two-year-olds in the Lambton Stakes on Wednesday. Among them is **Brandon Creek**, a colt who is being much whispered about. He is trained in The Tetrarch's stable, and can hop along according to report, so he should not be missed when he makes his long-deferred first appearance. I expect him to win if he goes to Stockton, but in his absence I should choose **Clap Gate** for the race I have mentioned. I recommend **Sobieski** for the Stewards' Handicap the same day, and **Corcyra** in the Hardwicke Stakes may repeat his Redcar success. On Thursday Lord Derby looks like adding another nice stake, the Durham County Produce Plate, to his account without difficulty, and in the Middlesbrough Handicap **Simile** may score. The Bath Handicap on Wednesday may be won by **Ukraine**.

Hurst Park Prospects

Some good races will be run for at Hurst Park at the end of the week. In the Hurst Stakes on Friday we find a number of smart three-year-olds, including one who has not yet been beaten, namely, **Florist**. In his absence I should depend on **Hippeastrum**, who has not been seen out since he made such a brilliant first appearance at Kempton Park on the opening day of the season. The August Handicap on the same afternoon may fall to **Grey Prince**. On Saturday the Hurst Park Lennox Plate will produce rather a disappointing field, in which **Birlingham** may prove the best. The most interesting event on this day will be the Champion Sprint Handicap, which may fall to **Mediator**.

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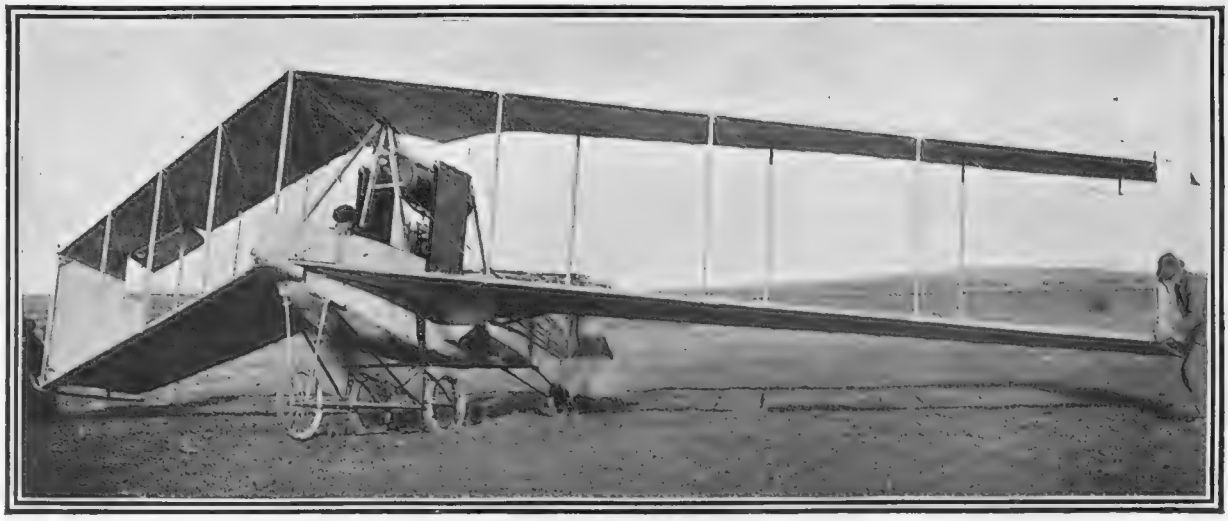

Photograph *Topical*

LIEUTENANT DUNNE'S NEW AEROPLANE

Lieutenant Dunne has just sold two biplanes to the War Office, not, however, before the French Government had bought the secret of their construction from him, owing to the War Office's neglect of his inventions

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

In British Waters

For the first time since Dixie won it for Dixie-land in 1907, the British International Trophy for motor-boats presented for competition in 1903 by Lord Northcliffe and known then by the less decorative title of the Harmsworth Cup, will be raced for in British instead of American waters. We have fought for its recovery many times, the Duke of Westminster with a Wolseley-Siddeley and Lord Howard de Walden with *Daimler II.* in 1908, the Duke of Westminster again with Wolseley-engined *Pioneer*, and Mr. D. Hanbury's *Zigorella*, relying on a Thornycroft power plant, in 1910, while a trio of boats—*Pioneer*, *Maple Leaf III.*, and *Tyreless IV.*—went across the pond in 1911. They had no luck, although in several cases demonstrably faster than the defenders. Then, last year, Mr. Mackay Edgar returned to the attack with *Maple Leaf IV.*, a new boat with the old engines rebuilt by the Austin Company, and recovered the marine "ashes." Wherefore the cup is to be fought for in Southampton Water on September 10, and a great race is in prospect between the boats of Britain, France, and America.

The All-Red Defenders

Since Dixie's win at 27 knots in 1907 the pace has hurried somewhat. *Maple Leaf IV.*, which will be among the six all-red defenders this year has done 40 knots without over-exertion, and the full limit of her speed will not appear until the eliminating trials have definitely settled the claims of the six to a place among the three which are to uphold British motor-boat sea-power—perhaps not then. Doubtless, however, she will be fully extended, because several of the others are notoriously hot, certainly equal to 40 knots. But even when the best of the six (Mr. Albert Vicker's Wolseley-engined *Izme*, Mr. Dan Hanbury's *Silver Heels*, which is a Thorneycroft hull carrying six Vauxhall engines, *Defender IV.*, a Saunders-Fauber powered by Green and owned by Mr. Fred May, Mr. Hollingsworth's *Crusader*, and Mr. Batting's boat are the other five) have proved their preliminary worth, they have to reckon with the American boats, which are not likely to allow anything in the nature of a walk-over. Motor-boating in America is a big industry by comparison with our own. The wider experience of American builders may not enable them to produce the exceptional boats required for success in this competition, but it certainly helps them to produce an engine craft that will make the British team go all the way.

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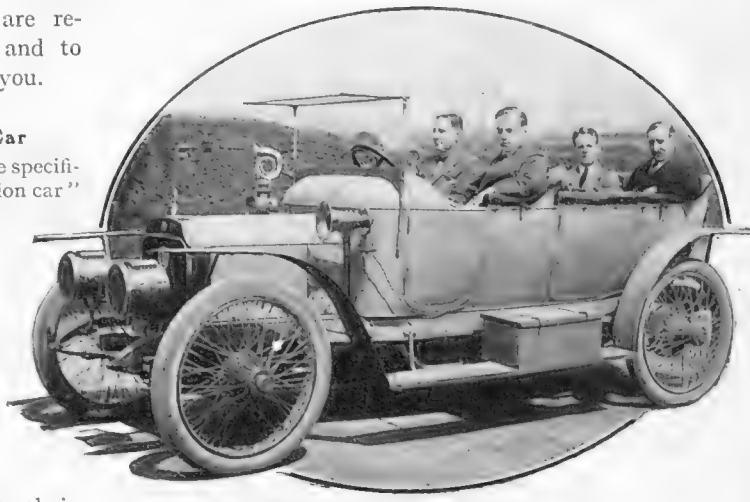

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In Compression

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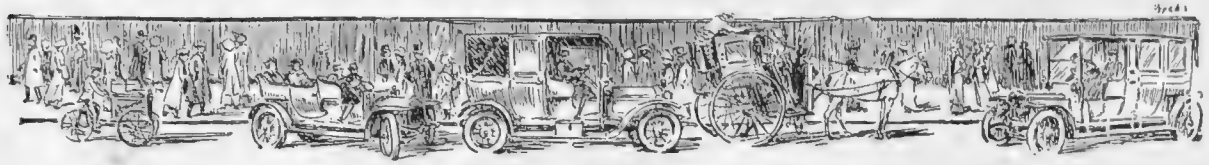

By MRS. JACK MAY

Tea-Gowns

RUNNING the shooting-suit we discussed last week very closely for first consideration is the tea-gown. Of late years this possession, which has settled down into a classic, has been inclined to run into ultra-extravagant realms, though so really beautiful and artistic have been the designs that one has lost consciousness of the fact that a considerable amount of money is embodied in these apparently simple confections.

Naturally the value put upon the artistic in dress in its entirety just now has influenced the tea-gown, *couturières* letting themselves go, so to say, in respect of these, alike in colour-schemes and daringly free outline.

The long coat has for some considerable time now played an important part, and is still doing good service, but looking back to the recent sales it is to be recalled that special reductions have been placed on a number of models completed after this manner. And such things give one to think.

The Shorter Tea-Coat

The text of economy is always a wise one to pursue, and more than ever in these days of increased cost of living in every direction; so that in suggesting the possibilities of an existing skirt for the tea-gown design that forms the subject of my first sketch this week, I feel thoroughly virtuous, a condition that, let pessimists talk as they like, is really rather healthy. It does not matter what colour the skirt is, but I have a sort of *penchant* for the palest shell-pink *crêpe de Chine* or *charmeuse*. The draped-up effect, of course, is quite familiar, and could be easily varied to meet the exigencies of any case. The salient point of the design is the charming little coat of *chiffon* and broad lace, and the *chiffon* can either be toned to the skirt or to the tinted lace, a black velvet ribbon fashioning the *ceinture* tied in long loops and ends at the back.

THE LATEST IN TEA-GOWNS

In "crêpe de Chine" or "charmeuse." The most important point in the design is the coat of "chiffon" and broad lace, with a black velvet ribbon tied in long loops at the back

As we have shown it, the scheme stands complete as a tea-gown, but there is no reason whatever why the coatee should not be transferred to another sphere in life, and effect a charming finish to a satin dinner-dress, in which guise it would not leave much to choose between a grand *toilette* and a tea-gown of the more *recherché* order, the rubicon in this connection being always of the slightest dimensions.

Tea-gowns v. Rest-gowns

It cannot be claimed for many of the modern tea-gowns that they in any sort conform to their original purpose of a garment that can be slipped into with ease and comfort after a long day's tramp over the moors, the flimsy transparencies of which the majority are fashioned being of the most ephemeral description. Wherefore have the wise ones in the *couturière* world set their great minds at work to evolve garments that shall prove rest-gowns in fact as well as name. To this end soft *souple* satins,

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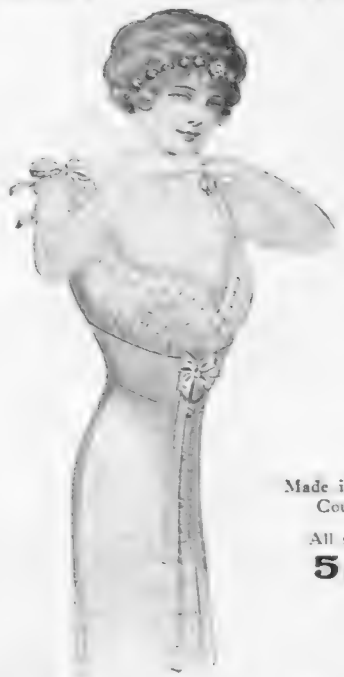

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cashmere *de soie*, silk *crépons*, and the like are fashioned on the simplest lines with bodice and skirt part permanently connected at the waist, a single hook and eye frequently effecting the sole fastening, dainty touches in the shape of *tulle fichus* and collars usually completing the scheme. A model after this description was carried out in lemon-coloured *crépon*, the skirt opening continuing the line of the crossed kimono corsage, a *fichu* of the finest white cotton muslin, bordered by a frill of Malines lace, finishing the upper part, held by a lovely *La France* rose; a *ceinture* of black velvet afforded the *sable* note that is always so effective allied to *citron*.

A NEW AUTUMN SHAPE
Trimmed with roses, and having a helmet effect in front, with a very "retroussé" back

The Importance of Velvet

Although we may still look to wearing our adorable *tulle* and *tulle*-trimmed *chapeaux* for some weeks longer, there is steadily creeping to the fore a decided feeling in favour of velvet *chapeaux*. The first signs of the invasion were observed in the cause of some charming hats included in an outfit arranged for Trouville. One of these, a round becoming shape of black *tulle*, the edge of the clear-drawn brim softened by a double frill of the transparency, had a round bowler crown of black velvet, a great wired fan of Chantilly lace poised at centre front effecting the sole extraneous decoration. In the case of a glorified sailor shape, a black velvet crown was allied to a black tagal brim lined with cerise manilla, the colour-note repeated in a stiff wreath of natural cherries.

The Retroussé Back

From such beginnings it was not a far cry to entire shapes of velvet, and in my second illustration I am offering two charming examples of the hats already in notable evidence where two or three smart women are gathered together. An excessively *retroussé* back is one of the leading characteristics of the new styles, a fact that hints at the arrival of a higher *coiffure*, the front of the brim being pressed down over the forehead in helmet fashion. Flowers, such as roses, marguerites, giant pansies, and the like are used to trim these velvet *chapeaux*, together with glorious feather mounts, in which latter connection white and black and white mixtures continue to play a leading rôle. In one of my pictured examples it will be seen how two large osprey mounts, one white and the other black, are poised at the side of a *chic* shape, the brim widening at the back and taking on the approved *retroussé* aspect.

Tulle Triumphant

That *tulle* is a positive obsession this season must be apparent to the least observant mind. Not that I would for a moment have had it otherwise, the filmy transparency performing its many offices in a truly satisfactory manner. But when a fashion becomes so ubiquitous any little fresh innovation in its cause is gladly welcomed. It may, therefore, awaken a tiny thrill of pleasure to hear that quite recently there has appeared upon the scenes a wide upstanding Breton frill hat trimming that finds a charming complement in a Bubbles frill at the neck of a V-shaped *décolletage*. This duet, carried out in shell-pink *tulle* in connection with a black satin *charmeuse* gown, was supremely smart.

Muslin

Then, again, although in no way wishing to slight the services of *tulle*, it is impossible not to offer a cordial welcome to some very fine white muslin that has lately come my way in the guise of the dearest little *fichus* and collars, lavishly embroidered by hand. This, although bearing a strong resemblance to what is commonly known as book muslin, is infinitely more *souple*, latter-day taste having a strong disinclination to anything in the least degree stiff and unmalleable.

Blouses and Skirts

The use of this new muslin, by the way, is not by any means confined to such detail as *fichus* and collars. It is also being most successfully employed in the cause of blouses and frocks, the latter, for the most part, having the skirts trimmed with three or four superimposed flounces hand-embroidered and hemmed with a narrow edging of Valenciennes lace, the bodices resolving into little crossed *fichu* affairs similarly adorned. Tunics of muslin, lavishly stitched with the finest pin tucks and inset and trimmed with Malines lace, both extremely smart, are worn over black satin under-dresses, attire that is most harmoniously completed by a hat of the embroidered muslin mounted over black *tulle*, of which also a great wide butterfly bow is composed.

IN BLACK VELVET
With two large osprey mounts, one white and the other black, poised at the side. The "retroussé" back is again noticeable

Ghent

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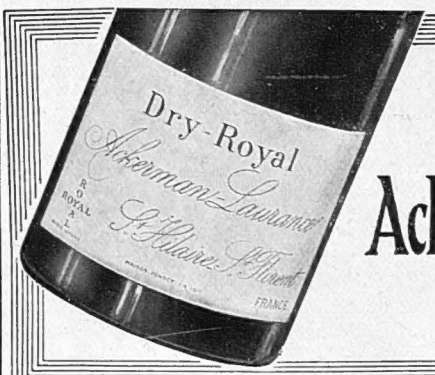

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The Menu: The Grouse Season

ON and after August 12 the subject of the moment is grouse. Most men prefer grouse to all other game birds, and partly owing to their real fondness for the bird from a gastronomic point of view, and partly owing to the fact that it affords them the first sport of the season, there always seems to be more excitement about the coming of the grouse than any of its successors. To most people nothing is more satisfactory than roasting them, but great care should be taken in exactness as to time and details.

Roast Grouse

Pluck one or two young grouse, singe carefully, draw and clean the inside, and wipe thoroughly both in and out with a damp cloth. Game birds, and especially grouse, should never be washed. Mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a few drops of lemon-juice, and place this inside each bird. Truss the birds for roasting, and dredge the outside with flour. One or two vine-leaves and a slice of fat bacon should be wrapped over the breast of each bird. Roast before the fire or in the oven, and baste frequently. The average time for cooking grouse is from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, according to the size of the bird. Good gravy and bread-sauce should be served, as well as fried breadcrumbs, placed round the birds. Send to table hot.

Salmis of Grouse

Roast a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, six peppercorns, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock, and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonsful of red currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer very gently about thirty-five to forty-five minutes. When cooked, arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

Grouse Pie

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper; pour in some stock, and cover with puff-paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg, and bake one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglass of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

Game Soufflés

Pound and sieve 4 oz. of any cold cooked game or chicken, and mix it with the panade prepared with one gill of good brown stock (made from the bones and trimmings of the game), add two eggs. Have ready some little soufflé cases, fill with the mixture, and bake for ten to fifteen minutes.

To Make the Panade.—Put ½ oz. of butter into a pan with a gill of milk or stock, and bring it to the boil, then add 2 oz. of sifted flour, and stir it all together over the fire till it is thick enough to roll into a ball; draw it to the side of the stove, still keeping it on a fairly hot part, however, and let it cook for a few minutes longer, stirring it occasionally to prevent it burning, till the flour is thoroughly cooked. These soufflés make a very dainty entrée.

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I was deeply humiliated by a growth of superfluous hair on my face, neck, and arms, which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older. I tried many advertised remedies; but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared, stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I then tried to pull the hairs out by the roots, only to find that several new hairs appeared for every one I pulled. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I learned by chance of a plan by which the ladies of Ancient Rome had rid themselves for ever of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wring this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a means entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all of my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted; but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft and white; and as the months slipped by, and not the slightest trace of the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered, they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me that in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment and gave it the highest endorsement. Madame M. Suchard, Chevaigne-par-Javron, Mayenne, used this method some time ago, and now says: "Your treatment is marvellous, because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white, without a shade of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I will gladly send further particulars under plain, sealed envelope, *absolutely free*, to any lady afflicted with superfluous hair on her face, neck, arms or body, but the demands on my time are so great that this offer is limited to ten days only. Simply address Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 1,255B.), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and you will receive this valuable information by return of post.

Stop pulling out hair. It hurts terribly, and two new hairs will grow for every one you pull.

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The Editor's Box

At the Palladium

The show at the Palladium this week and next can only be described in the manager's own word as "terrific." In the first place there is Harry Lauder, king of Scottish comedians, with new and old songs and his own inimitable personality to "bring the house down" every evening—and an enormous house it is, absolutely packed, with hundreds of people outside unable to get seats. Then there is Little Tich, as happy and amusing as ever, with his quaint little body and enormous shoes. As if these two stars were not enough to bring all London to the Palladium, there are in addition Fred Emney and Co. in a clever sketch, and Miss May Moore Duprez, the well-known Dutch character *comedienne*. Readers of THE BYSTANDER who have not been lately should make a point of going to the Palladium at once. A better evening's entertainment is not to be had in London.

Baby Carriages

The "Marmet" Baby Carriage was designed so as to safeguard the health of babies. A long study of the special requirements—especially those regarding comfort and safety—led to the inventor producing what is now recognised as the acme of perfection in baby carriage construction. There is always a great risk of injuring the delicate spine of a child of very tender age, and wise parents cannot take too great precautions to guard against any possible harm in this direction. For the bad effects may be permanent, and render the baby a cripple for life.

Photograph *Hoppé*

Mr. Dennis Neilson Terry

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), who is playing his first part at the New Theatre this week in *The Big Game* by Wentworth Carroll

No baby should be exposed to the jolting and jarring inseparable from the ordinary C-spring form of baby carriage, which occurs whenever the carriage is pulled up a kerb, taken over rough sets, or up and down steps. Bearing these facts in mind, the designer of the "Marmet" Baby Carriage decided that special attention must be given to the question of springing. These carriages are to be obtained from E. T. Morris and Co., 139, Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W., who will be pleased to send an illustrated catalogue to anyone requiring it.

The S.E. & C.R.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company's new Continental service leaves Charing Cross every week-day at 4.30 p.m. for Paris and Bale. The steamer running in connection with this service leaves Dover immediately after the passengers and baggage have been embarked, and does not wait until 6.15 p.m.

Paris

For the man and woman whose business or pleasure takes him or her to the Gay City, the Elysée-Palace Hotel is ideal for a short or long visit. Situated on the best part of the Avenue des Champs Elysées—the healthiest, because of its elevated site, away from dust and traffic of the lower part of the city—in the very centre of aristocratic Paris, albeit only a seven-penny taxi fare from the Boulevards, it has become the hotel *par excellence* for English and American visitors. Rooms may be reserved in London at the office of the Sleeping Car Company, 20, Cockspur Street.

It is useless to try and persuade baby that some other soap is "just as good" as

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

His sensitive skin knows better.

4d. per Tablet.

Protects from Infection.